THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 63. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 724 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 46.

USE AND ORNAMENT.

A coal was hid beneath the grate,
('Tis often modest merit's fate)—
'Twas small, and so, perhaps, forgotten;
While, in the room, and near in size,
In a fine casket, lined with cotton,
In pomp and state a diamond lies.
"So, little gentleman in black,"
The brilliant spark in anger cried,
"I hear, in philosophic clack,
Our families are close allied;
But know, the splendor of my hue,
Excell'd by nothing in existence,
Should teach such little folks as you
To keep a more respectful distance."

At these reflections on his name
The coal soon redden'd to a flame;
Of his own real use aware,
He only answer'd with a sneer,
"I scorn your taunts, good Bishop Blaze,
And envy not your charms divine;
For, know, I boast a double praise,
As I can warm as well as shine."

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY LINTON'S DIARY CONTINUED.

MAY 3—Kennington.

Every one says to me, "How well you look! How bright you are to-day!" and every one speaks too in a cheerful tone, and has a great deal to say to me, and seems sincerely sorry to end the conversation and say good-bye.

A little while ago these same people wore a dejected air in my presence, found very little to say, and seemed relieved from an embarrassing position when we parted, which compels me to think that their sympathy is with happy people only.

Granny alone departs from the general rule.

She was gayest and most chatty when she saw I needed cheering, and, now that my spirits were high, she watches me with grave concern and silent anxiety. I am like the trees, I tell her—the spring has given me new life.

"My love," she replied, "one must rejoice to see the young buds open, yet timorous old folk like me find their pleasure mingled with the pain of apprehension lest it be found that the young buds have opened too soon."

I know what she means and what she thinks.

She believes that my happiness springs from the expectation, or at least the hope, that now he is free, he will make me his wife.

I think she is in error.

I have analyzed my feelings as well as I can, and tried to form a just conclusion as to the origin of my happiness.

For indeed I am happy—happier than I have been for a long, long while—troublesomely happy sometimes, for I find myself growing careless and frivolous, and too full by half of nonsense.

But I cannot convict myself of selfishness.

If my happiness does not arise from the improvement in my physical condition and the reflection that he is no longer miserable I am more in error than granny.

I have learnt during the winter to see how impossible it would have been for him to make me his wife, even had he been free then to marry me.

I know how jealously society maintains the distinction of classes, how ridiculous romance appears in actual life, and to what contempt a man in his position would be exposed who introduced to people of his own class an inexperienced girl like me as his wife.

That was shown very clearly in a novel by a lady—I forget her name—that Beatrice lent me.

It was quite a new-fashioned book, with none of the old sentiments in it, and it showed that the best man the authoress could think of married a woman he did not care for in the least, though he loved another young lady with all his heart.

And, though I do not for a moment believe that Sir Gilbert Linton would have behaved so badly, yet I can quite understand that, had he been free to make me his real wife, he would have been deterred by the knowledge that society would regard him as a fool.

There!

Had I any expectation of being his wife, had I any lingering hope that he loved me well enough to suppose such a thing, could I write of him in such terms?

Could I ever do him such infinite injustice?

May 4.

I do not know what is the matter with me to-night.

I am low-spirited and irritable, and glad to be alone.

It's just as they say at Neuilbourg—"Who laughs in the morning cries at night."

I was ridiculously gay when I found the girls in the parlor on my return from school, and now I'm glad to get away from them.

They certainly are regardless of the pain their idle words may give; they might have known that it would grieve me to hear of the change in him—to learn that one so amiable and generous and good had been soured by misfortune, and rendered harsh and cynical and worldly.

It seems that Mr. Gower took Beatrice to Monkden last Sunday—unknown to Mrs. Gower, of course.

Sir Gilbert seemed not at all pleased to see them.

He was exceedingly polite, very cold and very sarcastic.

Beatrice believes that their visit prevented him from going to see some one; she feels sure that there must be "some lady in the case" because of his dress; she had never seen him so correct.

Incidently they learnt that he was renewing his acquaintance with the people he had "dropped"—people not of the Gauntly set, but quite the "upper crust." Edith thought he must have the intention of going into Parliament by trying to regain his old position in society: then Maud, in her flippant manner, said that in that case he would probably marry some girl whose connections might help him, and wondered whether he would throw the handkerchief to Miss This or Miss that, and was running through a string of names, when Beatrice gave her a nudge, with a glance at me, which I happened to catch.

Did she think I had any idea of his choosing me, or fancy that I should be sorry to hear of any event which might tend to his happiness or temporal advantage?

Did I not write only last night that I had renounced every thought of being his wife?"

* * * * * *

July 1.

Granny, in her sweet gossipy way, was describing Broadstairs to me—whither she had suggested we should go to spend a few days before my holidays were over, "and pick up a little of the freshness we have lost since spring"—when the well-known sound of cab-wheels made me turn my eyes towards the road, and start up from my chair as the hansom drew up before the steps.

"It is only Joseph," said granny as if she thought by starting up so anxiously I had expected some one of more consequence than he.

I do not know whom I did expect, yet certainly my heart fell when Mr. Gower stepped out of the cab—but not because I dislike him.

No one could be kinder to me than he, and, despite his faults, he is a most lovable little gentleman.

Perhaps we like him better for his faults and because we can smile at him.

Granny and I look forward to his coming and always take care to be at home on Monday, for on that day he almost invariably takes tea with us.

He never comes without bringing a few flowers or a book for me, and usually he hands a little rush-basket to Jane, containing asparagus, or a lobster, or a fine piece of salmon.

This being Saturday possibly accounts for my surprise in seeing him; and, to increase the peculiarity of his visit, he carried neither flowers nor rush-basket.

"Thanks to the serious illness of Mrs. G.'s brother," he said, his wife had been compelled to go to Scarborough: and, the girls wishing to see the "Huguenots," he had taken a box at the Opera for this evening.

He had come to fetch me.

The girls would be at the Holborn Restaurant, where they insisted upon dining, at six o'clock, and, if I would be a good girl and dress quickly, we should be able to get there just in time to meet them.

I looked towards granny, almost hoping she would raise some objection—for somehow I felt no inclination to go out, except for the usual peaceful little stroll with her.

But, if she saw the disinclination in my look, she was determined to give me no support.

"Go, by all means, my love. A change will do you good. You are growing melancholy with sitting so much in this dull little parlor."

So I accepted the invitation with the best grace I could assume, feeling ashamed to make so poor a return for Mr. Gower's kindness, and knowing that I was selfish and ungrateful.

When we were in the cab and on our way to Holborn, Mr. Gower, drawing my arm under his, and giving it one or two little pinches with his, said, in a tone of gentle remonstrance—

"What's the matter with you, little girl—eh? You seem to be going back and back week after week, instead of growing stronger and brighter.

"You were better in the beginning of the year than you are now, and we all thought you meant to be your old self again a month or so ago.

"You're much too young, dear, to look so sadly upon life."

My spirits were so low that his kindness seemed to wring my heart.

My eyes filled with tears despite my endeavors to restrain them, and one went slowly trickling down my cheek. I could not say a word; it was all I could do to keep down a sob.

"Look at me, dear," he said, pressing my arm to his side again. "I'm fifty-four. I have had grief enough to break the heart of a cart-horse.

"I've lost a good wife and married a bad one—I think you'll admit that Mrs. G. is about as bad as they make 'em."

"I could not help laughing a little, though the tears fell as I laughed. He repeated—

"As bad as they make 'em she is. If misfortune could kill a man, I ought to be as dead as that lamp-post. But what do I care for Mrs. G.? Not that!"—with a snap of his fingers.

"And that all comes through treating the miseries of this life as a kind of tax one must pay for enjoying its pleasures. Pay your taxes and be hanged to 'em, and get as much fun as you can for your principle! Now can't you look at your troubles in the same sort of business-like way?"

I shook my head.

He shook his also, in mere sympathy, and drew a long sigh as he looked at me.

"No," said he, "I suppose you can't. There's not much resemblance between you and me in any way, worse luck for you!

"The girls, you know, take after me. Best girls in the world, but no more capable of fretting for twenty-four hours at a stretch than those sparrows there!"

"It's very stupid, I dare say," said I; "but——"

"I don't know about that, my dear. It seems to me that the stupidest people are the happier.

"If it were not for the existence of people who take things to heart, the world might be little better than a cage of monkeys.

"Your light-hearted people die with the echo of their laugh, only deep-feeling souls are immortal.

"I fancy I can see the trace of tears in nearly everything that's great. Don't you feel sometimes as if you could be very heroic?"

"I don't remember ever thinking that."

"I think you might, though."

I shook my head.

"I only wish to live a quiet life, like granny's," I said.

He glanced at me doubtfully, and began to whistle softly. But indeed I said what I felt.

"Well, my dear, I am mistaken—that's all," he said, coming to an end of his tune. "I thought you were still thinking of Gilbert Linton."

I felt the blood rush up into my face. It did not occur to me to wonder what my memories of him had to do with the probability of my being heroic.

"Perhaps you don't like to think about that subject?" he said.

"I don't see who we should not talk about it, if there is anything to be said," I responded, with an eager hope that he could tell me something.

"Why, that's my opinion, you know, dear! I'm for speaking out; granny's for smothering up everything—as if a wound were likely to be be less painful for not being seen.

"Granny's an old woman. If anything goes wrong at the bank, I just jaw, jaw, jaw, till there's not another word to be said; and my experience is that it does good all around."

"Yes, but what have you to tell me?"

"Oh, I didn't say I had anything particular to tell, you know! Only I thought that if we talked it over *pro* and *con*, it might set your ideas straight, and give you some definite notion as to what you ought to do.

"If there's no chance of your ever being Gilbert's wife, you ought to realize that clearly; if, on the other hand, you see a prospect of marriage——"

"Oh, no, I don't see that for a moment! I have no idea of being his wife."

"No definite idea, I dare say—there's the result of smothering up the things so that you can't see them clearly! What I say is, Let's think it over first, and then make some final decision.

"After that you will be able to say, 'I've talked this thing over *pro* and *con*. I've looked at it right and left and top and bottom, and there's not another view to be taken of it.

" 'I shan't be that man's wife under any condition, and the best thing I can do is to think of marrying another.' "

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"My dear, we haven't half talked this matter out yet!"

A long sigh came fluttering up from my heart.

It seemed so useless to talk in this way.

But I could make no objection to his continuing the subject which I had encouraged him to discuss; and he continued—

"I say that, if you are assured you cannot marry Gilbert, the best thing you can do is to think of marrying some one else, for until you do you must feel yourself a kind of martyr and entertain a morbid and unhealthy sentiment which it is your moral duty to get rid of.

"I am sure you are not so silly as to wish to foster useless regrets, or so childish as to pine for an early grave like a silly girl in a still sillier romance.

"You don't see anything noble or sweet either in such lackadaisical nonsense as that?"

I shook my head, albeit I knew that I had given way more than once to the sentiment he condemned, and which I also felt was fit only to be condemned.

"Very well, then, my dear," he then pursued.

"Now we'll proceed to settle beyond the question of doubt that you can't marry Gilbert.

"Then we'll consider whether the young Baptist minister who, I hear from granny, buys more biscuits than should satisfy his hunger may not be allowed to see you without being compelled to waste his substance in riotous living."

He referred of course to that horrid Mr. Headlam, whose face I hate to see.

"I saw Linton yesterday," continued Mr. Gower.

"He was in London upon a matter of business; and, as that business could not be done without seeing me, he called at the bank; otherwise, in all probability, I should not have seen him, for he's not so amiable as he was by a long way.

"Gave me a nod and kept his hands in his pockets when we met.

"Didn't feel like shaking hands, I suppose.

"That was not particularly encouraging; however, as I wanted to have a few words with him, I managed to take luncheon with him—very much against his inclination I assure you."

Mr. Gower chuckled inwardly, as if the recollection of the luncheon tickled his lively vein of humor.

"After luncheon we had a bottle of claret and cigars—he didn't seem to relish them either"—another chuckle.

"Then I tackled him upon the subject I had in my mind.

"I told him how you had struggled through the winter, and what a brave fight you had made of it."

I gave vent to a little exclamation of regret.

He took no notice.

"And then," he pursued, "I told him how you had suddenly acquired new life, grown young and gay again when you found that he was free to make you his wife."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, snatching my hand from under his arm, and drawing away from him in indignation.

He seemed to me perfectly brutal in his indifference to my feelings.

"Very indelicate on my part, wasn't it?" he asked, smiling.

"But that isn't all. I told him how gradually your gaiety died away, and you lapsed into the sad hopeless air of a poor old maid as week after week passed away and he made no sign of caring whether you were happy or sad, living or dead; and I then asked him if he considered his conduct towards you was consistent with the character of a gentleman and a man of honor which he was trying to establish for himself. That was pretty plain wasn't it?"

I did not answer.

It seemed to me impossible that any one could dare to speak in such a manner to him, and most impossible in such a man as Mr. Gower, who had not the courage to complain before his wife when he found his coffee undrinkable.

"You look as if you thought I risked a thrashing by putting such a question. I know my man, you see; and, besides that, I never yet feared speaking my mind to any one—of my own sex.

"Linton did not take the the cigar out of his mouth.

"He looked at me coolly across the table for a minute, and I expected a sarcasm at the least—something to the effect that I was not qualified to judge of what a gentleman's conduct should be, you know; but all he said was—

"'What conduct would be consistent with that character, Gower?'

"I didn't stop to weigh my words, I assure you, my dear, but told him plump that he ought to make you his wife. He replied that it was impossible, I asked him why it was impossible.

"I appealed to his sense of justice; I told him what a patient, affectionate, and sweet girl you are.

"I waxed quite eloquent, my dear, but all to no purpose; he said he couldn't and wouldn't ask you to be his wife."

"You had no right to ask him!" I cried indignantly, my face burning with shame. "It was an unwarrantable presumption to think I cared for him; it was an insult to think I would marry a man induced by your arguments to make me an offer."

"It's only natural we should differ in opinion upon that point, my dear. However that may be, here's the fact.

"Linton does not intend to ask you to be his wife; and before dismissing the subject, we have just to consider whether it's possible that you can ask him to be your husband."

"We can dismiss the subject without any such consideration," I said.

"I don't think we can. You must first of all know what motive he has for not asking you to be his wife now that he is free, when he was so anxious for you to be something of the sort when he was tied."

"I do not wish to know anything. You do not know what you are saying, or you do not understand that what you say is repulsive to me."

"My dear, I know all that. Have a little patience.

"You can't get away. I'm not to be silenced until I've had my say, however unpleasant it may be. You know that ever since the trial Linton has been striving might and main to re-establish his position in society."

I would not reply or make any sign of listening.

I knew well enough that he had been trying to renew acquaintance with the friends he had forsaken.

The girls had told me so.

And they told me that he would marry, most probably, into some grand family to obtain position.

Oh, yes; I know why it was impossible for him to marry me, why he could not and would not make me his wife, though probably Mr. Gower did not!

It was because he had engaged himself to another.

Possibly it was this consciousness that made me bitterly angry with Mr. Gower for trying to force him to marry me.

"He has done his utmost," continued Mr. Gower.

"For a couple of months he has been trying by every means that a man of his disposition could employ to obtain a footing in society and overcome the prejudice that exists against him.

"That astonishes you—eh? You can't understand that prejudice can exist when a man has proved his innocence as clearly as Linton did.

"You have to consider that the poor beggar has Mrs. Gower for an enemy.

"That indefatigable and vindictive person has circulated a report which society, however distantly removed from her, cannot afford to ignore.

"Even her enemies cannot deny that there is a grain of possibility in the charge she brings again Linton.

"There is very little doubt that she herself believes what she asserts, no one can hear her without being impressed that she is acting under honest convictions; and that, together with her untiring zeal in circulating her opinions, does more even than her logic to persuade people that her theory is right."

"What is her theory?" I asked.

"That Linton, if not the actual murderer of his wife, was at least an accomplice; that he was in the conspiracy with Sophie Kirby and John Barton, and suffered them to decamp with his wife's jewels, either as a bribe or as a sure means of keeping them out of the country.

"'Would he have concealed the facts produced at the trial if he had been guiltless?' she asks.

"'Is it possible to conceive that a man, being innocent, could have acted as he did?

"'Hating his wife and his step-mother, would he not have taken steps to separate himself from the one and be revenged upon the other?

"'Supposing the story put forward by his counsel at the time to be true, could any one give Linton credit for being in his senses to suffer his wife and her base-born lover to run off quietly, taking with them property to the value of several thousands of pounds?'

"People who have no sentiment more delicate than hers are willing to pooh-pooh the notion of a man being actuated by a nice sense of honor."

"And people believe her story?" I asked with a strange feeling of exultation.

"Yes. And unfortunately this attempt of his to get into society seems to strengthen their opinion that he is not blameless."

"You yourself think that Mrs. Gower's theory is possibly correct?"

"It's a plausible story, my dear—that's all I say."

"It is not!" I cried. "There is not an atom of truth in it!"

"Well, my dear, most people think there is; and so they shut their doors in Linton's face."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, my heart bounding with joy, though I knew not why.

"They won't even send their cards in acknowledgement of his visits."

"Is that true?"

"Gospel. They get out of his way when they see him coming. Servants won't stay in his house for fear of being compromised."

"Oh, how shameful!"

"And now, thoroughly beaten, or heartily sick of an attempt which must in itself have have been distasteful to him from the beginning, he has resolved to have done with it.

"The Abbey is to be shut up, and, as soon as his arrangements are concluded, he will go away.

"Probably in a couple of days or so he will leave England, and drop out of sight for ever.

"That's why I tackled him on the spot, you know, and also, my dear, why I have persevered in talking with you.

"There's no time to be lost. If he's to be your husband, you'll have to look very sharp."

His language was quite as brutal and indelicate as it had been; but, somehow, since I learnt that Gilbert was rebuffed by his friends, and that his marriage with the daughter of an influential family was out of the question, his suggestion was no longer offensive.

But I could not understand what it was I had to look sharp about.

"I suppose you don't see why Linton was so anxious to recover a place in society?" he said, after regarding me with a quiet smile for a minute or two.

"No," I answered simply.

"Nor did I at first. And I suppose you cannot imagine why, having failed to obtain recognition as a worthy gentleman, but, on the contrary, excited a very strong suspicion that he is a villainous murderer, he refuses to console himself by the simple means of making you his wife?"

I felt as if my heart had leapt up from my bosom as I suddenly apprehended the meaning of his suggestion.

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "He, so proud and strong and independent, has sought to overcome unjust prejudices against him by persistently encountering affronts and patiently enduring insults—all for my sake!"

"I'm perfectly sure he'd do no such thing for his own."

"And it was because all his efforts had failed to remove suspicion that he refused to ask me to be his wife?"

"That's it, my dear. I'm as certain of it as if he had told me in so many words. At present no one will be seen with him. He's under the shadow of a crime; and that shadow would be cast upon any woman he took to be his wife.

"And so I think I've shown you pretty clearly that there's no hope of his making you an offer; and the only thing to be settled before we quit the subject is whether——"

"Where is he now?" I asked eagerly.

"At Monkden."

"I must go there at once."

"Oh, nonsense! You are going to the Opera with the girls."

"Oh, no, no, no! I could not endure to sit inactive for a moment. The last train to Marlow has not yet gone?"

"No; there are half a dozen yet. But don't be unreasonable. You know, my dear, he's safe to be there to-morrow, and then I can go with you, and——"

"No; I want no one to go with me, and I cannot wait until to-morrow."

"But you won't get there before nightfall: and just think, you know—you may compromise yourself by being seen there."

"What does it matter what people think? What does it matter what becomes of me if I may be his wife and make him life happy?"

"Certainly," said he, after a little period of silence, "I have not mistaken the love that dwells behind those sweet eyes of yours."

And then, raising the trap in the top of the cab, he cried "Paddington!" to the driver.

He tried for some time after the cab had altered its course to dissuade me from going to Monkden that night; but, when he at length perceived that it was useless, he ceased to be grave, and joked about my indignant refusal to consider the possibility of overcoming Gilbert's resolutions to remain a widower.

I could laugh now, for my heart seemed to have taken wings, and to be bearing me up and up towards the beautiful heaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

LADY LINTON'S DIARY CONTINUED.

WE had only ten minutes to wait at Paddington.

Mr. Gower got my ticket, and put me into the best carriage he could find.

Before he closed the door, I gave him both my hands and two good kisses, for so only could I express my gratitude to him.

It was the fast train, and yet how slowly it seemed to approach Marlow!

I had to walk from Marlow, for I had left my purse at home, and had not a penny in my pocket.

I was glad, for I thought I should get there quicker than if I had taken a dawdling old fly.

And indeed I believe I did, for, when I was out of the town and on a part of the road where no one could see me, I ran until my breath failed me.

"If I get there too late—if he is gone!"

I said to myself again and again; and that prevented me from feeling tired.

But he was not gone.

The man who came to the door when I rang the bell said, as he looked at me in astonishment, that Sir Gilbert was in the library.

"What name shall I give, miss?" he asked.

"Never mind about that," I answered. "Which is the library?"

With some hesitation he crossed the vestibule, and tapped with his knuckles at the door.

"Thank you," I said; "that will do;" and at the same time I heard Gilbert's sonorous deep voice say—

"Come in!"

I turned the handle and entered the library; then I closed the door silently behind me, and stood there breathless and unable to move.

He was standing by a table covered with books.

His back was towards me, a box was beside the table, in which he was putting the books he intended to take away.

He had not heard me open and close the door, and he cried again, "Come in!" as he bent down to put a book in the box.

At that moment he caught sight of me, and, starting as though he had seen a ghost, he cried—

"Who's that?"

He caught the lamp from the table and held it up.

As the light fell upon my face, he exclaimed—

"Merciful Heaven, Gertie! You again?"

And then—

"What on earth does it mean?" he asked coming towards me, for I still stood nerveless by the door.

"I've come to be your wife," I said.

He thrust the lamp impatiently upon a bracket, and repeated my words in a tone of voice that struck me with terror.

"Don't you love me?" I asked, so faintly that for a moment I thought he had not heard me.

He took me by the arm and led me to a seat near the window.

The curtains were not drawn; there was yet a faint gray light in the midsummer sky.

"What has that to do with it?" he asked, looking down at me with a sort of wonderment.

"I can't make you my wife if I love you ever so much."

"So that you love me, I don't care what you make, for I cannot live without you!" I cried; and then I started up from my seat, for I could not sit there like an unseasonable visitor, while my heart was being wrung with an agony of doubt.

I stood trembling before him, like one waiting for the verdict of life or death.

"Gertie, Gertie, do you know what I am? Do you know that even the servants refuse to remain in my service, so strong is the suspicion of crime against me? Do you know——"

"I know all," I answered. "If I didn't, do you think I should have come here to ask you to marry me?

"Do you think I should have been glad to hear that people wouldn't return your visits, and that you could no longer stay among them, if it had not been for the hope that, being quite alone, you would be glad to have me, and that you would love me for being faithful and true to you?"

"Come, you beautiful, divine, sweet soul!" he cried, catching me in his arms, and drawing me close to his breast. "A thousand scruples, a thousand times more tough than mine, would melt in the warmth of such a love as yours."

And then he kissed my lips and my cheeks and my forehead and hair with an abandon which showed how great an effort he had previously made to restrain his feelings.

Then he began to laugh.

"What?" said he.

"You were glad to hear that I was shouldered out from respectable society, and snubbed all around?

"How did you learn it? Has the gossip spread so far as Kennington that I murdered my wife?"

"Mr. Gower told me this afternoon."

"Ha! I forgive him everything—even to his praises of that Baptist minister, Mr. What's-his-name."

"I hate him!" I cried.

"Why so do I; but I pity him for all that, when I think of what it is to love and not to see you. And you won't go back to that hole in Peckham again?"

"It isn't in Peckham, and it isn't a hole. I would rather be with granny in Kennington than any place in the world—where you are not."

He sank into a chair, and drew me down upon his knee, and folded his arm about me.

It seemed quite natural to be nursed like that, and very nice.

I tore off my hat and let it drop upon the floor.

My head just reached to the hollow of his shoulder, so that his lips touched my forehead when he turned. We said very little for some time.

The moon was rising behind the plantation on the other side of the lawn, and it looked like a great gold shield.

A nightingale sang in the distance, an odor of jessamine came through the open window.

"I had no idea the night was so beautiful," he said in a gentler tone, as though the unexpected beauty had subdued his spirit.

"Oh, everything is beautiful now!" I cried.

"Everything has been ugly enough lately," he said, with a short laugh. "It was getting more unendurably ugly every day. Gower told you that I was on the point of going away?"

"Yes."

"Thought of taking a cruise in the Tub."

"Oh!"

"Would you like to cruise in the old boat with me?"

"Yes," I murmured, nestling a little closer in his arms.

It was lovely to lie there and look at the moon slowly rising above the tree-tops that stood out in sharp silhouette against its brightness, and listen to his voice, and just say "Yes" and "No," and think how happy and beautiful it all was.

"After we're married of course. I suppose his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury won't keep us waiting long if he gets his fees in full. Would you like to be married in a church, or would you put up with the register?"

"Don't care which."

"You'd like granny and the Gower girls to be present?"

"Oh, yes, yes! They will be so glad."

"And we'll go away the same day to Do-

ver, and the next morning, quite early, steer the Tub over the waves, like a good old sub as she is."

"M'pse."

"Sail over the old course, Gertie, pass the island, and away over the channel to Naulitea."

"Yes."

"I've wanted to make that voyage again, but hadn't the heart to make it alone."

"Poor dear!"

He was silent. Indeed I know not how the time passed.

The moon had risen above the trees, the nightingale had gone father away, so that his song sounded no louder than an echo.

The scent of roses, I thought, was now mingled with the perfume of jessamine.

He passed his fingers gently over my head so that the caressing touch was just perceptible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Good Night.

BY F. R. NELSON.

IT was away out into the country where dissipation was a word almost without meaning, and the young grew up, enjoyed their simple round of pleasures, grew old and left them to their children.

But into this quiet tide a sudden, exciting element had fallen, in the shape of a gay young girl from a neighboring town.

Her name was Jennie Mordant, and she claimed cousinship with Farmer Mordant's brown-faced and rather bashful sons, in a daring, amazing way that was new and delightful to them, and Jared, the eldest, catching in his frank, receptive nature some breath of inspiration from her, grew more demonstrative towards others.

There was a little girl living up at Low-hill Pass, as a handful of houses situated in a valley among the hills was called, whose name had often been spoken in connection with Jared's, and it was guessed that they mutually felt a shy fondness for each other.

They had been to the same church ever since they could remember.

At last winter's evening school they had stood side by side in the class, and twice, when the roads were bad and Jared had been over with his cart, he had asked her to sit on the front seat with him.

This had as good as settled their fate in the minds of the village gossips, though no word of special interest had been spoken between them, and he only called her by her formal Christian name, Katherine, at rare intervals, and then with a sense of familiarity that made him half ashamed.

But after Jennie Mordant had tied his necktie, brushed the threads off his coat, pulled his hair, and called him "a goodish sort of a boy, considering his broughtens up," he escaped from her bright eyes and merry ways, and walked to Low Hill with a light step.

As he neared the house he saw Katherine, returning home from widow Sangster's, where she had been to take the old lady some milk.

With one leap he scaled the hedge, and hurrying to the narrow foot-path he said, softly—

"Don't walk so fast, Kittie."

The girl stood still, trembling and blushing.

And then, as they walked slowly on together, she asked, in a voice scarcely audible—

"What made you call me—that?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said, trying to speak very calmly and indifferently.

"You look like a little grey kitten, moving so swift in the shadows.

"And then, you know, it is a part of your name, and—you are sorry I said it?"

For she was walking very quietly.

She did not speak, but raised her eyes with a shy, pleased look, and he asked eagerly—

"May I call you so again?"

"Yes," she answered, simply; and he did not know how quick her heart was beating.

And so they went in silence through the gathering dew and darkness up to the door.

Farmer Hubbell, Katherine's father, called to Jared that the grey colt had sprained his shoulder, and while they talked of hot baths and liniments, the girl tied up the rose branches that a late storm had blown down, put new strings for the morning-glories over the cool north window, and waited.

When the long horse talk was over, it was time for Jared to leave.

But he sidled up to the kitchen window, and reaching in, with one arm on the sill, he dropped a spray of lilac, as if by 'accident, and said—

"Good night, Kittie."

I know when she woke at midnight, and saw the moonshine quivering on the floor, she blushed and smiled, as the spring wind passing the old tree at the window, whispered—

"Good night, Kittie!"

So the summer passed with a new glory, and when the evenings grew long and cool in autumn, a dancing school was talked of in the village.

It was long since they had had one, and old and young joined interests, and determined to make up a series of old-fashioned cotillion parties.

Two young girl-friends of Miss Mordant had been spending their school vacation on the farm, and three or four artists and students, roaming about for new views or trouting, had stopped long enough to become somewhat acquainted in the village.

All these promised to run up from town occasionally, and so the season opened far more gaily than usual.

Then there was to be a husking at Farmer Mordant's in the long new barn.

Long before dark the great piles of corn filled the barn floor, and the fiddlers walked about, with their pet violins tucked away in green bags, while the kitchen was overflowing with food, and a row of cider barrels lay tapped in the yard.

Katherine Hubbell came down early, with her brothers.

The candles were lighted in the sitting-room, and there was Jared—her Jared—whose brown hair and white brow she had never touched, even with her finger tips, romping, actually romping, with Miss Jennie.

She was standing on her toes to reach his head, pulling his hair and bothering him, when suddenly he turned, and taking the two little white hands in his big brown palm, he held her so firmly that she could not get away, though she struggled and laughed for a minute, and then stood still, listening intently.

When he let her go, she patted his face, smiled brightly, and ran away.

Katherine could see that Jared was blushing like a girl.

She did not go into the sitting-room as though nothing had happened.

She was not actress enough for that.

She went slowly round to the kitchen door, and found the girls.

In their merry chatter they did not notice her silence.

But that Jennie—how could she ever speak to her again?

Thirty or forty young men made quick work of the husking, in spite of the girls rather than by help of them, and then the floor was cleared, and there were preparations made for dancing.

It was this first dance that was to decide choice of partners for the evening, for the season, perhaps for life.

Katherine knew it.

She could not flirt and laugh, and pretend not to care, as some girls could.

Her eyes flashed with anger, as she thought of Jared leading Jennie Mordant out before them all.

Creeping away to Grandma Mordant's room, she huddled herself down by the fire in a forlorn little heap.

The old lady was not there, but she soon came in, and with her was "that Jennie," talking low and earnestly.

"She is always in my way," thought Katherine, bitterly.

She held her breath to listen, as Jennie said—

"Jared says he never has a chance to see you, and the house is so full of company, that I'm sure there won't be another quiet spot but this room.

"I'll manage to smuggle him in while she is here, and then do you make an excuse to go out and leave them, there's a dear, good grandma.

"She is really a sweet little girl, and Jared is so fond of her. Do you know he calls her Kittie?"

The sweet little girl crouched lower among the shadows, Jennie ran away, leaving a kiss on grandma's withered cheek.

The old lady chuckled pleasantly to herself, as she went out after a candle, and when she returned with it lighted, the room was empty.

But later, the harvest moon dropped lower from the deep sky, and all the radiant stars came near to listen to the new meaning that echoed in Jared's voice, as he said—

"Good night, Kittie."

Years passed, an old man lay dying, in a handsome home, his gentle silver-haired sweet wife stood beside him, holding his hand.

"It's growing dark, come nearer, Good night, Kittie."

And his voice had hushed forever.

Her head fell upon his breast, his lifted arms dropped about her neck.

Together they had gone to the land of light.

"And there shall be no night there."

Claudia's Hair.

BY M. W. PAXTON.

"YES," said Claudia Wallace, with soft, liquid eyes up-lifted, and coral lips apart.

"I know it is a worthy object—I always did sympathize with widows and orphans.

"I'm an orphan myself, you know, Miss Rivers, and I would cheerfully subscribe something if I only could.

"But Uncle Percy keeps me so close for pocket money, and I sent my last twenty dollars down this morning, to buy tickets for the opera.

"But if I can possibly get any funds, I will send them to you to-morrow morning.

"I'm so sorry, dear Miss Rivers. Please let me know if there's anything else I can do, at any future time."

Miss Rivers swept her silken flounces out of the room, carrying her brother in her train—metaphorically, not literally—and the instant they were seated in the little coffee-colored brougham, she burst out—

"I've no patience with that Claudia Wallace!

"Close for pocket money, indeed! Did you see the rings on her hand, the bracelets around her wrists?

"I had a mind to say I would take any one of those gaudy ornaments in lieu of a subscription."

"I am glad you did not, Hester," said her brother, severely.

"Why?"

"You judge Miss Wallace too harshly. She is all sweetness, gentleness, and compassion.

"I saw the tears in her eyes when you spoke of the destitution of Mrs. O'Hara—and you may depend upon it, those jewels are all gifts from her uncle, with which she is not at liberty to part."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Rivers. "Of all fools, men are the worst.

"If it were not for Claudia's straight nose and blue, doll-like eyes, and the two little dimples on her cheeks, you wouldn't be so eager to trump up excuses for her."

"Now you are talking nonsense, Hester."

"Am I? I think not. But you'll just please to remember, Everard, that I told you, before we stopped here, I wouldn't give much for all the cash we should get from Claudia Wallace."

"Believe me," persisted Mr. Rivers, "you misinterpret her sadly."

"Here we are at Miss Griggs'—Kitty is cross-eyed and red-haired, but she will give me a guinea, see if she don't."

And Hester sprang out of the carriage, and ran up the Griggs doorsteps, leaving her brother to his own meditation.

Presently his sister returned with a face of triumphant glee.

"Didn't I tell you so?" she cried, holding up a sovereign. "And now we'll go home to lunch."

Mr. Rivers was indulging himself in a quiet afternoon cigar just about dusk, when Hester popped her head into the library.

"Oh, Everard, are you there? Don't you want to do me a favor? A very great favor?"

"If it isn't too much trouble."

"Do please go around to Santarelli's, and see if my yellow wig is ready for the masquerade to-night!

"I can't see why they haven't sent it home!

"The idea of my playing 'Lady Audley' without a yellow wig!"

"Bother your wig," said Mr. Rivers.

"Now do be a darling, and go," coaxed Hester.

Everard smiled.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to go," said he.

M. Sereno Santarelli was a fashionable hair-dresser, in a fashionable street, who charged fashionable prices—and he came bowing and scraping forward as Mr. Rivers entered his shop.

He professed himself desolated beyond belief when he heard the young man's errand.

"Mademoiselle's coiffure was but half completed when the stock of blonde curls gave out," he said.

"The lot they had last imported did not match it, and to relate, but——"

"The long and short of it is that I can't have the wig, I suppose," impatiently interrupted Everard Rivers.

"Monsieur is too rash; Monsieur waited not to hear me out," said the Frenchman. "I have yet of hopes, if Monsieur will but wait a fraction of time.

"Francois!" to a white-aproned assistant, "bring hither Miss Claudia Wallace's hair; it is of the pale blonde like flax—it may of a possibility work in.

"It is not even wavy, but we may curl it with tongs.

"Art, manipulated by an artist, can conquer everything."

The last words were meaningless, and unheard by Everard Rivers.

"Miss Claudia Wallace's hair!"

That was all his senses took in.

He could penetrate now, the mystery of her words of the morning, and his heart gave a great thrill as he recognized the royal generosity of the girl who could thus sacrifice her greatest natural ornament to a cause of charity.

"Miss Wallace's hair!" he repeated, with rising color. "Is it possible that——"

"She sent it here to be sold, monsieur," observed the hairdresser.

"To be sold?"

Yes.

He was right, Hester wrong.

His faithful instinct had been truer than her reason!

"I will take it," said he, abruptly.

"But, monsieur——"

"I will take it at any price."

And so he paid for the privilege of bearing away Claudia's wealth of golden hair.

Home he went, utterly forgetful of the flaxen wig.

"Have you got it?" was Hester's first question, when he entered the room.

"I have got it. I paid twenty-five dollars for it!" he breathlessly answered.

"Twenty-five dollars?" echoed his sister. "Everard, you are mistaken; it was only to be five dollars."

"Oh, you mean the wig!" said our hero, somewhat crestfallen, as he remembered the unfulfilled errand, which had so completely slipped out of his memory.

"Of course I do. What do you mean?"

"I am talking of Claudia Wallace's hair."

"Mercy upon us!" cried Hester. "Is the man raving mad?

"What on earth has Claudia Wallace's hair got to do with——"

"Much. I told you she was an angel, Hester, and perhaps you will believe it, when I tell you that to gain money to help the poor, she has sold her magnificent hair."

"I don't believe it," said blunt Hester.

"But I know it."

"Then the world is coming to an end, that's all," said Hester, with an incredulous shrug of her shoulders. "But my wig?"

"I forgot it. I'll go back for it at once. I was thinking of Claudia's hair."

Hester looked after him in comical despair.

"Thank Providence I'm not a man," said she to herself; "and if I were, I don't believe I could possibly be as spooney as some of 'em are."

Back again through the rainy twilight dashed Mr. Everard Rivers, never staying until he once more entered the saloon of M. Santarelli, and breathlessly asked for the flaxen wig.

"Exactly; it awaits Monsieur," said Santarelli.

"You sent up the money?"

"What money, monsieur?"

"The twenty-five dollars to Miss Wallace. Tell her the hair has found a purchaser—that her dream of mercy and charity may now be fulfilled—that——"

"But, monsieur, pardon! Monsieur does not fully comprehend," vowed the hairdresser, courteously.

"Miss Wallace left the hair here to be sold. It was a switch we made up for her a year ago, and she never quite liked the color. It was not a good match, she thought, and whatever it sold for was to be applied towards a new one we are now weaving, monsieur."

"Oh," said he, rather awkwardly, "I—I'll take the wig if it's quite ready."

He went back, considering how he could best make the embarrassing explanation of the truth to his sister.

"Hester," said he, "don't laugh at me; I've been a donkey."

"Men often are," said Hester, sagely.

"Oh, but this is worse than the common."

And he valiantly told told her the true story of Claudia Wallace's hair.

To his surprise, instead of laughing, she went to him and threw both arms around his neck.

"Everard, I am so glad," said she; "twenty-five dollars is a cheap price to pay for being undeceived.

"I told you before that she was shallow, selfish, and cold-hearted.

"Now you will believe it, when you see that she can pay twenty-five dollars for a mass of trumpery false hair, even while she complains of having no money to spare for the poor."

And Claudia Wallace never could comprehend how she lost the devoted loyalty of Everard Rivers.

Bric-a-Brac.

IN SPAIN.—William Washington figures in the "Encyclopedical Dictionary of the Spanish Language," recently published in Madrid, as "the founder of the Republic of United States and the first president." Pennsylvania, as the same volumes declares, "has a population of one and a half millions, the greater portion being German. German is the prevailing language of the State."

OLD MASTERS.—Modern paintings are transformed into "old masters" by covering the fresh painting with a paste and baking it in an oven until the proper cracks appear. Thus by ruining a modern painting worth $50 it is converted into an "old master" for which some wealthy crank will pay $10,000. But care must be taken to so manipulate the picture that its subject is an unsolvable conundrum.

THE COVEN.—In many parts of Scotland a superstitious belief is entertained by the natives that it is not "lucky" to make a coffin for a suicide or to participate in the funeral ceremonies. Any tradesman who is known to have anything to do with a suicide's burial will get no employment from the natives thereafter, and, thus coffins have to be smuggled into the towns from large cities or bought from the undertakers at exorbitant prices and with guarantees of secrecy.

OLD AGE.—The American Indians are of remarkable longevity. We do not look for extremely long life in the tropics, but a celebrating physician in Algiers, Africa, collected in thirteen years 163 cases of Africans more than 100 years old. The Chinese are not very long lived. In 1875 the Emperor called a convocation of all the old residents of his empire, and of the number who responded only four were more than 100 years old. India has on record a number of cases.

INSANE WORK.—The superintendent of a lunatic asylum at Stockholm introduced a printing press and some type into the establishment for the benefit of an insane compositor. The other patients became interested in printing, and the doctor soon gave them a more extensive apparatus. The result is the recent publication of the doctor's book on "Diseases of the Mind," which was, it is asserted, set up, printed and bound by the patients, and is pronounced a very good piece of work in every respect.

THE PEER AND THE PIPER.—"The stately step of a piper" is a proverb in Scotland which reminds us of an anecdote of a certain noble lord, when in attendance upon the Queen of Balmoral, a few years ago. Having been commissioned by a friend to procure a performer on the melodious pipes he applied to Her Majesty's piper—a fine stalwart Highlander; and on being asked what kind of article was required, his lordship said, in reply, "Just such another as yourself." The consequential Celt readily exclaimed, with more than his wonted humor, "There are plenty o' lords like yoursel', but very few sic pipers as me!"

ONE WORD.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut trees,
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at bitter jests—
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
The hope of early years.
The voices which were silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Shall a light word part us now?

HIS LOVE ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, from the window of the pretty chintz-covered room where Violet lay ill, Olive watched the departure of the travelers for Brighton.

The carriage which was to take them to the station was waiting for some minutes before Lady Churston appeared, looking disturbed and fussy, with Flossie, who was too delighted at the prospect of a journey to feel any regret for her sister.

And following them down the broad stone steps came Miss Alfan, in a dainty light gray traveling-dress, with Sir Mark by her side, looking proud and grave as usual.

Sick at heart, Olive watched them go, saw them settle themselves comfortably in the carriage and drive away without any sign of recognition or farewell, save from Flossie who gave a scream of delight, and waved her little hand to Olive, while Sir Mark, looking up, lifted his hat with a slight smile.

Olive turned from the window in burning indignation.

How could Lady Churston, Violet's mother, leave her in her illness to the care of a comparative stranger, of a girl whom she despised and condemned?

True, she had written to Olive, begging her to take great care of her darling child, lamenting that her own duty to Flossie prevented her devoting herself to Violet, and asserting her conviction that the fever would not be contagious to a grown person.

That she had made and would make every provision for Violet's nursing and care Olive did not doubt.

But there was in the heart of the young governess an impatient wonder at the mother's indifference which blotted out the memory of her own pain.

Hardly had the carriage driven away when Doctor Wrighton came up the avenue.

The nurse who had traveled from town by the night train was with him in the dog-cart, he having been to meet her at the station on his way to the Hall.

And they came up to the sick-room together.

"So you are all alone, Miss Walpole," the young man said, as he turned away from the bedside, after examining his patient, and came round to Olive's side.

"Well, we will take care of you," he added cheerily.

"And nurse will see that you don't overdo it.

"For that is the mistake of most amateur nurses.

"Mr. Wood will be here as soon as he returns from Eastham this afternoon."

"Mr. Wood!"—and Olive gave a startled glance at the bed.

"Oh, Doctor Wrighton, do you think her very ill?"

"I think she is going to be very ill," replied the Doctor gravely.

"I do not wish to alarm you unnecessarily.

"I told Lady Churston what I feared; and, if she had had any affection for her child, she would not have left the house. Violet's constitution has always been far from strong.

"But," he went on quickly, seeing the effect of his words, "it is unpardonable of me to alarm you thus.

"And now I want you to leave our little patient to nurse's care.

"Her colleague will be here to-night, and there is no necessity to expose yourself to fatigue and infection.

"Let me entreat you to suffer yourself to be persuaded."

"I am not afraid of infection," she answered.

"Violet likes me to be here, and the danger of infection has doubtless been incurred.

"All your eloquence will be vain, Doctor Wrighton," she added, with a very faint smile.

"My resolve is taken, and a wilful woman must have her way."

Doctor Wrighton turned away, looking half pleased, half dissatisfied.

When he was leaving, there was something in his warm hand-shake which showed Olive he did not disapprove of her resolution.

She sat down by Violet, feeling a little less depressed.

The nurse, who soon made herself a favorite with both her patient and the governess, was a bright, cheery little woman, and Olive soon grew to depend upon her implicitly.

Mr. Wood, Doctor Wrighton's partner, came in the afternoon.

And, although he approved of all Doctor Wrighton's arrangements, he evidently took a much more hopeful view of the case, though he exhibited a still greater dread of infection than his junior.

Only the nurses and the upper housemaid—who had lived for some years at the Hall, and who volunteered to be the out-attendant—were allowed to approach that portion of the Hall in which Violet's room was situated.

By the evening of the day on which Lady Churston left the Hall all arrangements were made.

It seemed to Olive as though Violet had been ill for weeks, so orderly was her room, and so complete were all the arrangements for an illness which might be both long and severe.

A few days passed quietly and uneventfully.

The little patient grew steadily but not rapidly worse.

Mr. Wood and Doctor Wrighton both came daily, and Olive never left Violet's bedside.

The child was perfectly conscious as yet.

And, though she suffered greatly from her head and throat, she was gentle and patient whenever she could have her governess by her side, but her cry was always, "Olive, do not go, do not leave me."

Olive could not have resisted the pitiful entreaty, even had she wished.

So she sat by her during the long dreary day and night watches, snatching a couple of hours' sleep occasionally on the couch in the adjoining room.

Both Doctor Wrighton and nurse Ellen looked grave as they saw how the constant confinement and fatigue were telling upon her.

"I have never known a day's illness in my life," said Olive quietly, when the Doctor remonstrated with her on the needless fatigue she incurred.

"I am quite strong and well; and you know, Doctor, Mr. Wood says that my vocation is to be a nurse—I make such a good one!"

"Then you must nurse people you do not care for," he answered, smiling.

"You will seriously injure your health if you persist in this continued devotion; and, when I want you to be bright and well during Violet's convalescence, you will have to give in yourself."

"There is no fear; nurse Ellen takes care of me."

"Nurse Ellen says you nearly fainted this morning, and that you eat nothing.

"This must be changed, my child. I cannot have any more patients on my hands," he said decidedly, and he walked across the room to Violet's bed, where the child lay tossing her golden hair feverishly from side to side, and muttering and moaning to herself.

"She will not miss you now," he said when he came back to Olive.

"She is delirious, and will know no one for some hours.

"You have been so good and brave," he added gently; "you have pleased me so often during these weary days—do this one thing more now."

"I cannot—I cannot," she answered piteously.

"Oh, Doctor Wrighton, she is the only person in the whole world who loves me! How can you ask me to leave her?"

Doctor Wrighton turned away sorrowfully.

The girl's tone was so unutterably sad and forlorn.

The great brown eyes, so wistful and eager, had such a yearning hungry look in their depths.

"You love her well, then?" he said in a moment, as they stood together by the little bed, looking down at the flushed, suffering little face.

"You do not understand," she replied brokenly.

"You do not know all she is to me.

"I was lonely and miserable, and she comforted me. I was friendless, and she loved me."

"Then for her sake be careful of your health," he said gently and earnestly. "You see how dependent she is upon you for love.

"Now the nurses can do all that is required for her, but by-and-by, when she will need all the patience and tenderness that a long and trying convalescence requires, who will give it to her if you cannot? Not her mother, certainly; she will be afraid of contagion."

"You will see how strong my joy will make me," Olive answered, smiling.

"You have made me strong now, for you have given me hope."

It was on the evening of the same day, when the delirium was setting in strongly, and Olive's heart was wrung by the sad moanings and mutterings from the bed, and the cries for "Mamma," or "Flossie or "Olive," or often—oh, how often!—for "Mark," that nurse Ellen came softly to her side.

"You are wanted in the passage, my dear," she whispered.

"You need not be afraid of her missing you; for she cannot, poor child."

"Go, my child," said Mr. Wood, who was paying his evening visit.

"I am going to watch for a while with nurse."

"Who wants me?" asked Olive languidly as she rose.

"Go and see," he answered, smiling.

The young girl left the room, with languid steps, and, passing through the dressing-room beyond, went out into the passage.

It was a long, low, broad passage, from which the carpet had been removed, and nothing covered the bare oaken floor.

The gas was not yet lighted, and the last rays of the setting sun came slanting in at the window, with a faint red glow.

Where the ruddy light did not penetrate, all was in deep shadow.

And for a moment Olive did not recognise the tall erect figure in the background.

Sir Mark came forward to meet her with outstretched hands and a smile half tender, half compassionate.

Olive shrank back, with her hands held out to keep him from her.

"Why did you come?" she said passionately.

"Oh, why are you here? You shall not touch me.

"Oh, Sir Mark, please go—please leave me! You will take the fever. Why did you come back?"

"Foolish child," answered Sir Mark, with a cheery little laugh.

"You are alarming yourself quite unnecessarily.

"I came back the same day that I left Churston," he went on.

"Did you think I was going to leave you here alone?

"And I am not a bit afraid of you"—taking her little trembling hands and holding them in his close warm clasp.

"Why, Olive, don't struggle away from me; there is not the least danger, my child!

"I have been in Violet's room every day since she was taken ill."

"Oh, how imprudent!" she cried, half beside herself, and hardly knowing what she did or said.

"How could they let you? You will go away now, will you not? You will not stay here?"

"Are you the only person who is not to be taken care of?" he asked, with grave tenderness in his tone and manner.

"Olive, how can I—how can we thank you for all your devotion to Violet?"

She made no answer, and there was a momentary silence, during which Sir Mark noted the alternation in the fair young face, and Olive looked up with eager passionate pain in her soft brown eyes.

"And now you are coming for half an hour's walk with me," he said quite cheerily.

"No, I will take no denial. Your wrap is here, and the doctor's orders are imperative."

He wrapped a fleecy white shawl round her, drew her hand within his arm, and they went downstairs together.

The entrance-hall was deserted, and, unnoticed, they passed out into the grounds.

It was a lovely warm summer's evening, and the scent of the flowers rose sweet and fragrant in the soft air.

Overhead the deep-blue sky was clear and cloudless, and in the trees the birds were twittering together or pouring forth a flood of melody.

Once out in the open air, inhaling its fresh sweetness, Olive wondered how she had borne the confinement so long.

She walked on in silence, leaning on Sir Mark's arm, and feeling strangely happy, while Sir Mark talked kindly and pleasantly.

When she was tired, he took her back to the house, refreshed and stronger, and left her with a close hand-clasp at the door of Violet's room, happier and more at rest than she had felt for many a day.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE next few hours will decide all," said Mr. Wood gravely.

"Life or death, we shall know the best or the worst soon."

It was in the third week of Violet's illness, and on the evening of a fair August day, that Mr. Wood uttered these pregnant words.

They were spoken in Violet's room as he stood by her bedside.

The little form, sadly shrunken and emaciated, lay motionless upon the pillows.

The eyes were closed, the long luxuriant hair had disappeared, and on the thin face was a drawn and painful look sad to see.

Two or three days before the delirium had ceased, and fits of stupor had ensued, with a terrible pallor, and, to all appearance, complete unconsciousness.

Mr. Wood and Doctor Wrighton had paid many visits to the sick-room.

The room was still and cool and shadowy.

The windows were open, and the soft evening air stirred the light curtains as it stole into the room.

Nurse Ellen was sitting near the window her bright cheery face sad and quivering.

She had seen many deaths in her long experience.

There was something in the case of this little one suffering, and perhaps dying, alone, save for her step-brother and governess, which touched her sorely.

She thought of the mother away at Brighton, who had left her child in her bitter need.

"The next few hours will decide all," said Mr. Wood again in a moment. "My child, let me prevail upon you to take some rest. I will promise that you shall be roused."

He spoke to the girl whose head rested upon his shoulder; but Olive made no answer.

"It will be wiser," said the old doctor persuasively.

"You have done so much and borne up so well hitherto that you must not let your strength fail you now."

"Go, Olive," said Sir Mark, without raising his eyes.

"I cannot," was all she said then, in a tone of such sharp pain that Mr. Wood desisted, and, putting her gently upon a chair drew another seat beside her and sat down holding the girl's hand in his and resting her head against his shoulder, while he watched Violet's face.

The night wore on, midnight shinned from the church tower, and Olive shivered a little at the sound, but the little girl had not stirred or raised an eyelid.

Some slight change—so slight that only Mr. Wood's keen professional interest or Olive's deep love could have detected it—had taken place there.

The drawn painful expression had left it, and had given place to a look that was almost tranquil.

Was it, alas, but the tranquility of that last sleep from which there is no awakening?

"Speak to her, Sir Mark," said Mr. Wood in a hoarse whisper. "Repeat to her something she knows—some verses or hymn familiar to her."

Sir Mark glanced up at him sharply; but the Doctor only repeated more urgently—"Speak to her."

After a short silence, the young man, in a voice unsteady and broken, began to repeat some few lines familiar to Violet, and favorites of hers.

The child was grave and thoughtful beyond her years.

Then Sir Mark's voice failed him, and there was a momentary silence, broken by a voice which seemed to the watchers as a voice from the dead.

His little step-sister turned towards Sir Mark, raised her languid eyelids slowly, and the little parched lips moved.

"That is not all," said Violet faintly. "Have you forgotten the next two lines, Mark?"

"No, my darling," answered Sir Mark, with tears in his dark eyes and a tremor in his voice as he repeated them.

"Thank you, dear Mark. Good-night," came in faint tones, as the tiny shrunken hand groped blindly for Sir Mark's; and then the dim eyes closed again, and, with a little tired sigh, she sank into a quiet sleep.

"Thank Heaven!" said Mr. Wood softly; and there was a breathless awestruck silence as the watchers knew that, instead of death, there had come life.

The first person who stirred was Doctor Wrighton, who moved across the room to Sir Mark's side, and removed the frail little form from his support.

He was unnerved and trembled as a woman.

It was thus Olive found him when she came in a few moments, and the young girl was alarmed and touched at his emotion.

"You know she will be spared to you," she said softly, as she laid her little hand tenderly on his arm; and, looking up, Sir Mark smiled at the fair pale face, which he could see but dimly through the mist of tears.

"I know. Oh, my child, how can I thank you?

"How can we ever be sufficiently grateful?" he said, with Olive's hand in his.

"I have done nothing," she answered quite brokenly, with tears in her eyes and voice.

"Nothing!" he repeated warmly. "Nothing!

"Did you not expose yourself to danger and infection for Violet, when even her mother——

"Ah, do not say you have done nothing, when you have behaved so nobly and unselfishly!

"Do you know, Olive"—he was standing now, and looking down at her—"only yesterday Mr. Wood said to me, 'If Violet recovers, it will be in a great measure owing to Miss Walpole's care.'

"What do we not owe to you, my child? And how can we pay you?"

"If you think you owe me anything," she said falteringly, "you can pay me by—by—thinking less hardly of me, Sir Mark; by not believing——"

She paused in embarrassment, for Sir Mark's face had darkened visibly.

"Did you think I ever thought hardly of you, my child?" he said, with grave sadness.

"We will not think any more of that just now.

"By-and-by, when Violet is stronger, and you are looking more like your old self, we will talk it all over together calmly and dispassionately."

"Thank you," answered Olive slowly, with a faint smile.

"I want you to think kindly of me if you can; for, when I am gone, there will be no one but you to listen to Violet's foolish expressions of fondness for her governess, and if you thought ill of me you might try to disabuse her.

"I am going to lie down in Violet's room;

but Mr. Wood says he will have no one else there to-night.

"And here comes Doctor Wrighton to see that his orders are carried out."

As she spoke Olive nodded a smiling "Good-night," and disappeared into Violet's room, carrying with her a look from Sir Mark Churston's dark eyes which haunted her dreams that night.

Nurse Ellen wondered as she watched her what made her brow so peaceful and caused a little happy smile to linger round her lips.

* * * * * *

A fortnight later Violet and Miss Walpole had left the Hall, and were comfortably established in an old-fashioned farm-house in the little village of Poyninge about twenty miles on the other side of York, where they were to spend the whole of the sweet September month, and win back roses and strength.

"To be out of doors as much as possible, drink lots of milk, and get fat," were Mr. Wood's orders.

He came over himself or sent Doctor Wrighton two or three times every week to see that they were executed, for Violet would need close watching for some weeks to come.

Sir Mark came over constantly, and threw off all his reserve and gravity, and became apparently as merry and light-hearted as Wilfred himself.

By no means unpleasant was the mode of existence at Willow-Bank Farm.

For the first few days Olive enjoyed keenly the rest, the freedom from anxiety, and the delight of seeing Violet recover health and strength.

Lady Churston's dismissal of Olive had been decided.

The girl had no intention of taking advantage of any recent occurrences to ask her to withdraw her contemptuous congé; while she could not bear the thought of having to ask the woman who had so cruelly misjudged and insulted her to give her the necessary references.

"I wonder if any one will employ me," she thought sometimes—"a girl suspected—nay, accused—of trying to carry on a clandestine correspondence with her employer's son.

"And yet, if in order to justify myself I must accuse Lucia, how can I do it? He loves her.

"What can I do? Where can I turn? At any rate I cannot stay here, nor can I stoop to ask a reference from any of those who are so kind to me here. I must advertise and write to the agencies."

So Olive advertised, unknown to any one and the advertisement brought her a courteous but rather stiff letter from a General Molesworth, offering her the post of governess to his three daughters, with a liberal salary and a comfortable home, if her references proved suitable.

Olive wrote in reply, giving him the name of the clergyman of the parish where she had lived with her father, as well as Lady Churston's, and, half hopefully, half sadly, awaited his reply—hopefully, because, if he engaged her, her anxiety as to the future would be dispelled.

Sadly, because, if his reply were affirmative, it would take her away from Churston from Violet, and from Sir Mark.

Deeper and truer, more earnest and more passionate, was the mad love which had sprung up in her heart for Sir Mark—more hopeless perhaps even than it had been at first, but yet not an unworthy love.

Even in her saddest moments, when the loneliness and desolation of her own lot weighed most heavily upon her, when the sight of a village maiden strolling in the lanes with her lover's arm round her waist would bring a jealous pang to her heart, when a glimpse of a labor's wife welcoming home her husband on his return from his day's work would bring tears to her eyes and a quiver to her lips—even at such moments as these, she knew that she was not the worse for having loved, however hopelessly.

She knew that she was a better woman, less selfish and more gentle, than she had been before.

Sometimes in her inmost heart she said to herself softly, trying to deaden the pain which never seemed to lessen—

"It will pass by-and-by perhaps, when I go away and do not see him again. And yet they say that real love never dies."

And Olive remembered the lines, smiling a little sad smile as she did so—

"Pray how come love?
It comes unsought, unsent.
Pray how goes love?
That was not love that went."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE little rustic wooden gate leading into the old-fashioned garden belonging to Willow-Bank Farm was open, and Olive Walpole, standing in the sunlight, with one hand shading her eyes, were peering anxiously down the lane, looking for the postman.

Behind Olive the garden was radiant with autumn glories—late roses, tall white hollyhocks.

The quaint gabled farm-house was covered with creepers and sweet-scented honeysuckle, which stole in at the latticed windows.

"Olive dear, breakfast is ready," said Violet from her place by the window. "Whom are you looking for so anxiously?"

"I am waiting for the postman, Violet; I am coming directly," answered Olive, without moving.

"Don't wait for me, dear; begin your breakfast."

"I am in no hurry, senorita," said Violet laughingly; and she stood still at the window, watching her governess.

Olive waited patiently, but no postman appeared, and she was turning away, when a tall erect figure came in view.

Sir Mark came sauntering towards her, switching the hedge with a light cane as he walked.

Olive started, and the rose-tint deepened in her cheeks.

He approached slowly; then, catching sight of the white figure at the gate, he quickened his pace and came quickly up to her.

"Were you expecting me?" he said, smiling. "Am I too late for breakfast?"

"I was waiting for the postman, Sir Mark," answered Olive, constrainedly. "We have not begun breakfast. Violet will be pleased to see you."

Sir Mark's face, which had brightened greatly when he had caught sight of the dainty white-robed figure at the little gate, darkened perceptibly, and he sighed impatiently.

"Are you going in?" he asked. "Don't come in on my account, pray. I see Violet at the window."

"I was just going in," she answered quietly.

And they turned away from the gate and walked up the little graveled path side by side.

Violet, from her place at the window, watched them, with a little smile, and thought how well they suited each other—Sir Mark so tall, stately and grave; Olive so fair and lovely in her white robe with a rose in her belt.

"I am so glad you have come, Mark," said Violet, gleefully, as she threw herself into her step-brother's arms, with a cry of delight.

"Are you going to spend a whole long day with us? Yes? That is charming. I am so glad!"

"I am charmed that some one is glad to see me—" kissing her fondly.

And Olive, catching the undertone of reproach in his voice, glanced up at him with her wistful eyes full of entreaty; but said nothing.

"We are both glad to see you!" cried Violet, gaily. "You know that, or you would not come so often."

"Do I know?"—smiling sadly; "I know you are at least, Violet."

"And so is Olive," said Violet, earnestly. "Olive, here is Mark insinuating that you are not glad to see him."

Olive, who was busy with the coffee-pot, feigned not to hear the remark; but the color deepened perceptibly in her cheek, while Violet glanced from her step-brother to her governess with eager, questioning eyes.

"Well, and what have you been doing with yourselves?" asked Sir Mark, in a moment, speaking in his usual manner, but evidently with an effort. "How are those slippers progressing, Lettie?"

"Only very slowly, Mark," replied Violet, ruefully. "You sent such a charming box of books that Berlin wool has been quite at a discount. I have read incessantly, and Olive—"

She paused, glanced at Miss Walpole, and laughed.

"Well, and what has Olive been doing?" asked Sir Mark, sitting in the deep window-seat, with his arm round Violet, his manner somewhat absent and pre-occupied.

"Watching for the postman," answered Violet, with a laugh—"and so anxiously that Mr. Jackson said yesterday that Miss Walpole must be expecting a letter from her sweetheart."

The color flamed up in Olive's face for a moment, and the sugar-tongs fell from the small, unsteady fingers with a little clatter on the carpetless floor.

Sir Mark arose to pick them up for her.

And, as he returned them, and she murmured a vote of thanks, he saw that she was deathly white.

"Breakfast is ready, Mark," said Violet, gaily.

He did not seem to hear.

"Are you not hungry, Mark?" she repeated.

"Starving!" he replied absently, as he sat down by Violet at the well-spread breakfast-table, where the richest of cream was served in the quaintest of jugs, and fresh eggs and newly-churned butter, with ripe plums, pears and apples piled up in picturesque abundance, made up for the coarseness of the snowy drapery and the thickness of the farmhouse cups, saucers and plates.

"There is the postman!" cried Violet, suddenly, as the man appeared, tramping heavily up the path, and holding in his hand a letter.

Violet sprang up and opened the window to take it.

"Only one letter!" she said, coming back to the breakfast-table. "I thought there would be one for me from mamma or Flossie. This is for you, Olive."

Olive put out her hand.

But she trembled so violently that it fell to her side again, and Sir Mark rose, in alarm, at the sudden pallor that overspread her face.

"Why, Olive!" said Violet, half laughing, half alarmed. "What is the matter? You look terribly frightened. Are you ill, dear?" she added, gently.

"No, no," said Olive sharply; "there's nothing the matter."

She rose as she spoke, but trembled so greatly that she was obliged to resume her seat.

And Sir Mark made a rather imperative sign to Violet, who put the letter on the table by her governess, and, sitting down to the table again, proceeded with her breakfast.

And Sir Mark, to divert her attention from Olive's pale, scared face, put two or three apples on her plate, and began to peel a pear.

But Violet, in a moment, seeing that Olive had retained her calmness, returned to the charge.

"We will excuse you, Olive," she said, comically. "I know you are longing to read that so eagerly-expected letter."

"Thanks!" said Olive, vainly trying to smile.

And then, to avoid rousing suspicion, she took up the letter and hastily broke the seal.

It was a square, massive-looking epistle, and, Olive having at once recognized General Molesworth's handwriting in the superscription, she prepared to read the contents.

The letter contained but a few lines, cold and stiff, and wanting in the courtesy which had marked his former epistle.

Olive read them somewhat rapidly, and for a moment did not take in their signification.

General Molesworth informed Miss Walpole that, having applied to Lady Churston, he did not feel at all justified in committing his daughters to the charge of a young lady who seemed so devoid of the knowledge of what was due to female self-respect and modesty.

He begged therefore to decline all further correspondence.

For a moment or two Olive sat still, staring at the letter with dim, unseeing eyes, regardless of Sir Mark and Violet's anxious looks.

Then, uttering a little cry of pain, she rose from her chair, and, still holding the letter, moved towards the door.

But her strength failed her, and she stood midway, her hands pressed against her breast, and shivering like a person attacked by ague.

"What's the matter, Olive dear?" cried Violet, springing to her.

But Sir Mark interposed and moved her aside; and, taking Olive's arm, drew her gently towards the window, and placed her in an arm-chair.

"Leave her to me, Lettie," he said gently to Violet, who stood, anxious and distressed, with tears in her eyes.

"Run away for half an hour, dear child. She will soon be all right. Don't let us be disturbed."

"No, Mark," returned the girl, dubiously, as she saw Olive's little gesture of entreaty for her to remain.

But, at another word from Mark, she left the room closed the door after her, and left them alone.

For the space of a few moments there was complete silence in the sunny, flower-scented parlor.

Sir Mark stood by the open window, motionless, his dark eyes now turned to the bright, quaint garden without, now to the pallid young face resting against the gaily-flowered chintz of Mrs. Jackson's arm-chair, with an expression of hopeless, despairing sorrow.

"I am better now," said Olive, at length, rising feebly, and trying to smile. "I do not know what could have been the matter with me. Thank you, Sir Mark. I will go now."

"I'm not going to let you go just yet," he said quietly, taking her hands and the letter in them in his, and putting her back in the chair.

"I want to talk to you. Are you really better? Yes, I see the color is coming back to the poor little white face. No, you are not to go."

Olive submitted passively, and leaning forward, shaded her eyes with her hand to escape the scrutiny of the dark, grave eyes watching her face.

And there was another silence, which Sir Mark broke at length.

"Miss Walpole, I am going to make a strange request. Will you believe that it is dictated solely and entirely by my sincere regard for you, and—my gratitude for your goodness to my little sister?" he said, rather hesitatingly.

Olive looked up wonderingly.

"Yes," she said, slowly.

"Will you allow me to see the letter you have just received?" he asked in an abrupt tone, his eyes averted from her face.

"The letter," repeated Olive, flushing deeply—"the letter. Why."

"For many reasons," he answered promptly. "You are in a great degree under my protection. You are very young and inexperienced, and the letter has evidently agitated you in no small degree.

"May I not, in your interest, wish to know its contents?"

"You are very kind. The letter would not interest you, Sir Mark."

"Pardon me," he said quickly. "Nothing that concerns you is without interest for me; and that the contents of the letter touch you nearly I can have no doubt. Will you not trust me, Olive? Trust me as you would an old friend or an elder brother, wiser than yourself and able to give you better advice than your own heart can do."

Her lips quivered.

She shook her head.

Sir Mark put out his hand for the letter, but she showed no inclination to give it to him.

"I cannot show you the letter, Sir Mark," she said then, very quietly. "I cannot show you the letter."

He drew back, looking hurt and disappointed, and turned from her; but Olive laid her little instantly hand on his arm.

"Do not be angry with me," she said piteously. "Believe me, I am not unmindful of your constant kindness and consideration."

He removed her hand from his arm gently but firmly, and merely bowed slightly in answer to her words.

With tears in her eyes, she moved towards the door again; but Sir Mark's voice arrested her steps.

"May I ask you one more question?" he said quietly. "Of course you are at liberty to answer it or not.

"Is that letter from Wilfred—from Captain Treherne?"

"No," answered Olive, the hot blood dyeing her cheeks; "it is not."

He bowed his head, but did not speak; and Olive felt that he doubted her.

She went to the door, with head erect and eyes flashing.

As she grasped the handle, the momentary haughtiness faded, and she stood hesitating.

Sir Mark had not moved and his face was set and stern.

Olive came back slowly.

"After all," she said lightly, "I do not see why I am making such a mystery of the letter. It is merely one—one which ——"

She hesitated for a moment.

"I applied for a situation, and hoped that my offer would have been accepted—but they have refused me—that is all."

"That is all?" queried Sir Mark gravely.

"That is all?" answered Olive.

Her eyes fell and her color faded.

"Then why not let me see the letter, Olive?" he asked quietly.

Olive looked distressed, but did not answer.

Sir Mark left the window and came to her side.

"You are a bad hand at deception," he said gently. "What was the reason given for refusing you?"

"I have answered your question fairly," she replied tremulously. "You will not question me further, Sir Mark, if you do not wish to give me great pain.

"I need not do so," he said. "I can guess all now."

"But there is nothing," she began hurriedly.

"Hush, Olive!" he said gravely.

Olive's face flushed hotly under the reproof of his tone.

"So you are determined to leave us?" he said in a moment, in a quiet matter-of-fact tone, which helped to put her at her ease.

"I have been dismissed," she answered haughtily. "I shall not wait to be turned out, Sir Mark."

"Foolish child!" he said, smiling sadly. "What will Violet do?"

"She will miss me less than I shall miss her," answered Olive, with a quiver in her voice, and large tears filling her eyes. "Ah, do not speak of her, Sir Mark. I cannot bear it!"

She turned from him with a passionate gesture of pain, covering her face with her hands, and for a moment the stillness was only broken by the girl's sobs; while Sir Mark, his face drawn with pain, waited until she was calmer, and then spoke.

"Is it only Violet you regret at Churston?" he said quietly, with both her hands in his, and his eyes studying her face with intent questioning gaze.

With a little cry she wrenched her hands from his, and flushing to the brow, fled from the room.

Sir Mark, with a heavy sigh, went over to a side table, where the pens and ink stood, and, sitting down, wrote a short note to Captain Treherne, and addressed it to his quarters at Aldershot.

CHAPTER IX.

THE day passed wearily at Willow-Bank Farm.

Sir Mark and Violet went for a walk, while Olive, alone in her bed-room, tried to efface the marks of tears from her face and to put away the thought of General Molesworth's stiff letter and unkind insinuations.

It was a difficult matter; for it was not merely the girl's pride which was wounded, but it seemed so unkind, not to say ungrateful, of Lady Churston to have written so as to damage her character after her devotion to Violet.

Not that Olive rated that highly, for she had thought nothing of it herself; but Lady Churston had written to Olive expressing the warmest thanks and appreciation for her nursing; and it seemed strange that she should have written in such a manner as to justify General Molesworth's letter.

It was a cruel letter, Olive thought wearily as she stood by her bed-room window; and Lady Churston must have written in strong terms to warrant such a tone.

What should she do?

Where could she go when she left Churston?

Looking into the dim dark future, Olive could catch no ray of sunshine to light her path.

As she stood she could see the garden in its autumn loveliness and the little gravel path, and the sudden click of the lock of the little gate made her start.

Sir Mark and Violet were coming up the path arm in arm, as they usually walked when alone.

The closest friendship existed between the step-brother and sister.

The young man's head was bent over the girl as he spoke.

He was evidently saying something that pleased her, for she smiled.

Olive watched them with wistful eyes, and thought of the time when she would see them no more.

Then she remembered Sir Mark's question—"Is it only Violet you regret at Churston?"—the grave intent look and the significant tone in which the question had been spoken.

The blood came warmly to her face, as it

had in the morning, and colored the cheeks that had been so pale.

In the afternoon Sir Mark went away, his manner still as grave and preoccupied as it had been during the few hours he had passed at Willow-Bank; and, when he had left them, Violet imparted its confidence to her friend that she thought Mark was ill or unhappy; he was so grave and unlike himself.

Meanwhile Sir Mark, instead of returning homewards, was speeding as fast as an express train could take him to London.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Crime Atoned.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE" "VERA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE, Fraulein! I think we are safely on board at last, bag and baggage, and I am very glad of it, for Calais is a horrid place to stay in on a winter's day. Are you comfortable?"

Fraulein drew her cloak more closely about her, and saying something to the effect that it was very cold, and necessary to take extra care of oneself as one neared the treacherous climate of Albion, mildly suggested going downstairs into the ladies' cabin.

"Just as you like," said Vivien Etheredge, rather disappointedly, for she loved the sea, even when its dark billows were tossing restlessly about as now, beneath a lowering sky, and Fraulein Schultz, noticing the wistful look she cast on the receding harbor of Calais, said, kindly—

"Remain on deck, if you like, my dear, and if you are sure you do not feel cold.

"I, alas! am such a bad sailor that repose is necessary to me even when crossing this horrid strip of channel."

This little strip of channel was vindicating its title to be called horrid by those who could not defy the demon of sea-sickness, for the great foam-crested waves were rolling along one after another, and breaking in feathery clouds of spray against the steamer's side as she cut through the heavy seas.

And after seeing the German governess comfortably lodged in the cabin, Vivien came on deck again she found it deserted, save for one gentleman—a man of about thirty-five, tall, slight, and fair, with a long blonde moustache, and a certain air of breeding that lent him an expression best described as distingue.

He followed Vivien with his eyes as she took her seat at the side of the vessel, wrapping herself up in her furs, and throwing a tiger-skin rug over her knees, and it struck him that she made a singularly pretty picture sitting thus, with one hand supporting her rounded cheek, while her eyes—eager, hopeful, and expectant—were gazing across at the white line of cliffs which marked her native land.

She had been away for twelve years—twelve long years of monotonous school life, during which time she had never once left the quiet Belgian convent, with its black-robed Sisters and its unvaried routine, but now she was coming home for good—coming home to take her place in her brother's house as its mistress, and to play her part in the great drama of life.

Vivien wondered how she would like the home she was going to, and then her thoughts drifted away to Roy, her big, brave, handsome brother, who had been the hero of her school-girl dreams, and who she was prepared to love with all the fervor of her passionate, wilful woman's heart.

"I beg your pardon, you have dropped your book," said a low voice, and looking up quickly, she saw beside her the gentleman with the fair moustache, holding in his hand a novel she had procured at one of the bookstalls, less because she wanted to read it than for the sake of being able to exercise the delightful prerogative of buying a romance, which the stern discipline of the convent had hitherto forbidden her to read.

She took it from him with a pretty smile and a few words of thanks, and he immediately followed up the opportunity thus given him, and commenced a conversation which she was too unsophisticated to think it any harm to continue.

Indeed, she thought it rather pleasant than otherwise to talk to a handsome man whose blue eyes made no efforts to disguise their admiration, although his language was carefully turned to the limits of courtly good breeding.

They talked of various things that verged in no way on the personal until the gentleman remarked that he was only just returning from Egypt, and that he had gone to Paris on business before proceeding to London.

"Then it is some time since you were in England?" asked Vivien, interested in his careless, nonchalant disclosures.

"Over ten years, mademoiselle."

"Ten years! How terribly homesick such a long absence must have made you."

"Oh, dear no, quite the reverse.

"There is no one in England I have the least desire to see, and probably as few who desire to see me."

"But what a sad return yours must be, then," exclaimed the girl, sympathetic with a picture of such loneliness.

"It has its advantages as well as its drawbacks, and probably the former outweigh the latter.

"You see, oftentimes relatives are in the way, and for all practical purposes friends are better."

"I should be very sorry to think so,"—with a determined shake of her pretty head.

"Ah! we look at the world from two stand-points, you from your youth and I from my experience.

"Naturally the result is a different one.

"I suppose you are looking forward to meeting a large circle of kindred?"

"No, I have only one brother—Roy," she answered, glancing down at the crape on her black dress.

"My dear father died six months ago."

"Indeed!" a sudden interest came into his eyes, and he looked at her very attentively.

"Probably this brother will be at Dover to meet you?"

"Oh, yes—at least, I hope so."

"And you will proceed to town together?"

"No, we go straight to Wiltshire—to Etheredge Court."

"Etheredge Court," he repeated after her.

"Then you must be Vivien Etheredge."

"How did you know my name?"

"Because I saw you before you went to school in Belgium, and my memory is a good one," he said, laughing, and holding out his hand.

"Haven't you the least recollection of Trevor Etheredge, your father's cousin?"

"Are you really he?" she exclaimed, scanning him closely. "Yes, I remember now.

"I saw you just before I left England, and you were then on the point of being married."

Vivien paused abruptly, for a change had suddenly come over his face, and she remembered hearing that his wife had died about twelve months after they were married, in rather a tragic manner.

"That is a long time ago, is it not?" he said, quickly.

"The intervening years have changed you a great deal."

"And you very little. As far as my memory serves me, I should say you look exactly the same as you did twelve years ago."

"Do you think so? You see I am fair, an the enemy Time leaves small traces of his progress on blond people.

"So you are going to take up your abode permanently at Etheredge Court."

"Yes, I am to be Roy's housekeeper, under the chaperonage of Fraulein Schultz—a dear old German governess who used to come to the convent, and who grew fond enough of me to come to England for my sake.

"But what have you been doing all this long while?"

"Travelling about from place to place, and living a Bohemian sort of existence," he answered, carelessly.

"I was in Cairo when the news of father's death reached me, but I left for England as soon as I could wind up certain business affairs that detained me."

"Does Roy know of your arrival?"

"No, I have had no communication from him—it was through Mr. Winterton, your father's solicitor, that I heard of my cousin's death.

"I was on rather dangerous ground when I was speaking of relatives," he added, smiling.

"I little thought I was addressing one of my own."

"And not such a very distant one either.

"Why, failing Roy, you are the representative of the family honors."

A light flush came over her companion's face, and he glanced at her very sharply from under his long fair lashes, but he said nothing in reply, and they drifted off into other subjects, until the white line in the distance had grown more and more distinct and at last Dover came in view, and all the bustle and confusion of landing commenced.

The poor Fraulein, looking something like a resuscitated corpse, came on deck in too complete a state of exhaustion even to utter the reproaches she felt her protege deserved for engaging herself in conversation with a young man who was a stranger to her!

Almost as soon as the steamer stopped at the landing-place, a young fellow of about four-and-twenty, tall, dark, and bearing sufficient resemblance to Vivien to at once determine their relationship, stepped on deck, and was greeted by Vivien with a warmth that made Trevor Etheredge smile.

He also sauntered up and proceeded to renew his acquaintance with Roy, who shook hands with him cordially enough, although he seemed surprised at the rencontre.

As a preliminary to anything that might follow, they all proceeded to the Lord Warden and had luncheon, and then went on to the station, whither Vivien's luggage—after being turned upside down at the Custom House—had already been taken.

"You had better come straight on home with us," said Roy, to whom the claims of kinship and hospitality were of equal importance.

"Nonsense, man!" he added, as Trevor began making some objection.

"You have no friends in England with a prior claim, so I don't see why you should not spend Christmas with us."

In truth, Etheredge did not require much persuasion, and before long they were all comfortably settled in a first-class carriage—which they had to themselves—and being whirled along towards Wiltshire at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Vivien and Fraulein Schultz, occupying opposite corners, amused themselves by watching the snow that had commenced falling, and which speedily rendered the landscape like the top of a Twelfth night cake, while the two gentlemen fell into a conversation on family topics.

"Your father died rather suddenly, did he not?" inquired Trevor, who had been making a careful study of Roy's face—a strong, firm, self-reliant one, in spite of its owner's youth.

"Very suddenly, indeed. He had an attack of apoplexy, and never rallied afterwards.

"Just before the last he seemed very anxious to say something, but we never knew what it was, for he was unable to utter it.

"I always fancied it must have had reference to Vivien, who is left totally unprovided for, as there is no will—not that it makes any difference," he added very quickly.

"I shall see that justice is done to her in every way."

"Do you think your father never made a will, or that he destroyed it after its execution?"

"I really do not know. His lawyer, Mr. Winterton, says he once drew one up for him, but it did not meet with his approval and so it was never attested.

"If he made one, he copied it out himself, and either burnt it or put it away in some secret hiding place."

Here Trevor started slightly.

"You know what an eccentric man he was.

"However, it makes no material difference, as in any case I should have had the estates, and I shall take care Vivien does not suffer by the omission.

"Is she not beautiful?" he added, glancing at her with fond pride.

Very, his kinsman responded, and then leaned back against the cushions, and silently watched the snow-clad landscape as they were borne swiftly onwards past the white fields and ice-bound brooks.

Roy took his sister's hand and held it in his while he bent down and looked into the sweet dark face, with its lovely bloom, and wonderful liquid eyes.

"I shall be very glad to have you with me, Vivien," he said—

"It has been rather lonely at the Court, or would have been if I had not had so much business to attend to.

"There's nothing like work for keeping off the 'blues.'"

"You will have to let me help you now, Roy."

"What—let you pore over dusty old documents, and addle your poor little brain with long accounts, troublesome enough to drive one crazy?"

"Well, figures never were my strong point," Vivien admitted candidly.

"They always seem to have an odd trick of coming to a different total every time I add them up.

"Still, perhaps, if I were to try very hard——"

"You don't know what wonders might be achieved," he added, laughing quite heartily.

"No, we must endeavor to find some employment a little more congenial than that.

"I'm afraid though you'll find it rather lonely at first, for we have very few friends and this," touching the crape on his arm, "precludes our going much into society just yet.

"However, I shall do my best to keep you from feeling dull."

"You need not be afraid, I shall have you," she responded, rubbing her cheek against shoulder with a pretty girlish action that Trevor, who was watching her, thought irresistibly charming.

"And it is not a trick, either," he said to himself, cynically.

"She has not seen enough of the world yet to learn all those little arts and ruses women get to practice as they grow older."

It was getting dusk when they arrived at the station where they were to alight—a little inconvenient place, boasting one waiting-room and two porters.

Outside there was a carriage waiting—a great roomy barouche drawn by a pair of fine bays, and driven by a stately coachman with a powdered wig that quite awed Vivien, so she said to Roy in a tragic whisper that made him laugh.

She breathed a little sigh of content as she entered the carriage and sank back amongst the cushions, but this state of quiescence was not of long duration, for her anxiety to see everything made her press her face against the window, and peer out into the gathering dusk, trying to catch the first glimpse of Etheredge Court.

"What are those chimneys over there?" she asked Roy, pointing to a twisted stack of gables that rose from amongst some trees in a park-like enclosure shut out from the road by high walls.

"It is Gordon Chase," he answered.

"Who lives there?"

"A man named Keith Gordon," returned Roy, rather uneasily, and with a glance at Trevor, who had become very pale, and turned his head away.

"Is he an old man, and has he any daughters?" inquired the girl innocently.

"He is not married, and his age is little over thirty, I believe."

"You believe? Then you don't know him?"

"No."

"How is that—you are near neighbors, are you not?"

"Not very near. The Court is almost a mile away from Gordon Chase; and, besides he is not a visiting man."

"How strange!" observed Vivien, interested.

"He is too young to play the recluse; but perhaps he has had a disappointment that has soured him?"

"Yes," Roy answered, "perhaps."

"Does he live alone, or has he any relatives at the Chase?"

"He is alone, I think; but I am really not competent to answer further inquiries, for, as I told you before, I know next to nothing of him."

"And you really think me very curious for asking so many questions?" laughed Vivien.

"Well, perhaps I am inquisitive; but you know so few events happened at the convent that we always used to make the most of them, and never rested content until we had found out all there was to be known.

"I suppose the habit has clung to me, but I must break myself of it—indeed, there are lots of ways in which I intend to reform, and I quite expect that by-and-bye I shall be an entirely different sort of girl."

"Then don't reform, for I would not have you otherwise than you are," responded Roy, affectionately.

"What a pretty speech. I did not know brothers were in the habit of flattering their sisters—did you, Mr. Etheredge?" turning to Trevor.

"I don't see very well how they could help it if they had sisters like you," he answered, gallantly.

Vivien burst into a merry peal of laughter at the reply.

By this time the carriage had drawn up in front of a long, irregular-looking, grey-stone building which loomed out vast and gloomy in the dusk.

Etheredge Court was a very old house, and modern conveniences brought to bear on mediæval construction had made it a somewhat incongruous, albeit extremely comfortable, habitation.

Roy sprang down, and lifting his sister from the carriage led her into the hall, and then bent down and kissed the fair face, slightly clouded over now, for in all the joy of this home-coming Vivien could not forget that one voice she had hoped to hear was now silent forever.

"Welcome home, my dear little sister!" Roy said.

And Trevor Etheredge, overhearing the remark, smiled curiously as he followed the others in with Fraulein Schultz on his arm.

CHAPTER II.

VIVIEN soon settled down into her new life, and proved herself, under Fraulein's tuition, quite an able housekeeper.

It was pretty to see her running about with a big apron on—for what purpose it is impossible to say, seeing that she never did anything more laborious than fill the vases with flowers—and jingling a large bunch of keys in her pockets, which, Roy said, was done to make her look important.

Be that as it may, she made a great difference to the gloomy old house, bringing with her the brightness of a sunbeam as she flitted down the wide staircase and through the dark passages and rooms.

No one—not even the surly old mastiff, whose normal condition was growling—could resist the charm of her fresh young beauty.

Roy spent the greater part of the day, either shooting—for he was a veritable Briton in his love of sport—or in his study, going over accounts, which still required a good deal of attention, for the late squire had left his affairs in a lamentable state of disorder.

Sometimes Trevor accompanied his cousin, but more often he remained at home, and spent his time with Vivien, either reading to her while she worked, or singing duets with her, or teaching her to play billiards—an accomplishment in which she quickly became proficient.

"Alone!" he exclaimed, one morning, a few days after their arrival, as he came into the pretty little sitting-room Roy had set apart for his sister's use, and where Vivien was supposed to do her accounts and write letters to the friends she had left in Belgium. "Where is Roy?"

"Gone out with his bailiff to look at some cottages that want building up, or pulling down, or something.

"He will not be back till this afternoon."

"And so you are steadily employing your time in knitting him a pair of socks," said Trevor, coming to her side, and taking up a skein of wool.

"Let me hold this for you to wind."

"Will you? Oh, that is good, you will be ever so much better than the backs of two chairs."

"The backs of two chairs, indeed!" repeated her companion, laughing, but looking slightly annoyed.

"Surely while I play the Hercules to your Omphale, I deserve a better comparison than that."

"Remember you chose the role of your own free will, and without bargaining for payment," she said, rather archly.

"The task repays itself," he replied, in a low voice, watching her pretty slim fingers as the ball whirled rapidly round in them, till the skein was exhausted.

"There!" she exclaimed, at last, tossing it into her work-basket, and thanking him with a bright smile.

"Now you may rise from your uncomfortable position—it looks very romantic,

but for all that it must be rather trying."

"To you, perhaps, not to me. You see I get a good view of you, and you remind me of a picture I once saw of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, whom the artist had painted in an apron similar to the one you wear.

"Could you fancy me John Alden, I wonder?"

Vivien colored slightly as she glanced at him, and confessed to herself that, so far as appearance went, he would indeed make an ideal lover.

A ray of wintry sunlight was falling on his fair hair—fine and silky as a woman's—and the girl was struck anew by the classic contour of his face—a face that, had he been a little younger, might have been taken as a model for a Greek statue—Antinous or Alcibiades.

Yes, he was certainly extremely handsome, and yet there was something in his expression she did not altogether like something intangible, and to which even she herself failed to give a name, but which was strong enough to prevent her putting entire confidence in the man.

She rose rather hastily, and crossing over to the window, pushed aside the rose-hued draperies and looked out on the park that stretched down to the woods dividing the Etheredge estate from those belonging to Gordon Chase.

"I think I shall go out for a walk, the morning is too fine to be spent indoors, for at this time of the year we can't afford to lose one opportunity the weather gives us," she said, and then paused, half expecting he would offer to accompany her but this he made no effort to do, for much as he would have liked to walk by her side, he had business of some importance to transact that morning, and the chance her absence afforded him was too good to be thrown away.

"She is very beautiful," he muttered, drawing a very long inspiration.

"A man might do a good deal to gain such a woman."

And then he left Vivien's boudoir, and passed along a corridor into the oldest and least-used portion of the Court, a wing where the walls were hung with faded moth-eaten tapestry, behind which the noisy rats scuttled, and strange sounds made themselves heard, and where the light only came in dusky patches through stained-glass windows set in stone mullions.

Trevor paused at a door at the end of a passage, and fitted a key into the lock.

It turned with some difficulty, and he entered a large and quaintly-constructed apartment, hung with worm-eaten hangings in lieu of paper.

Into the lock of this Trevor inserted a variety of keys, until at last one turned, and then he opened a door, which revealed a series of drawers, all apparently filled with papers.

"Now let me see if I remember the secret of the spring which my cousin showed me so many years ago;" he said, first of all glancing round to make sure he was alone, a totally unnecessary precaution, for no one ever ventured into this part of the house, one of the reasons, perhaps, that had induced the late owner to make this room a sort of private sanctum.

Trevor pressed his finger firmly on a tiny bolt or knob at the back of one of the drawers, and a small panel slides aside, revealing an opening in which were placed several documents.

These Trevor drew out, and then sat down and proceeded to examine, a slow smile of triumph dawning on his face the while.

"So I was right in my surmise after all, and the old Squire did make a will, and did leave me a legacy as he promised?" he exclaimed.

"Well, five thousand pounds is better than nothing, and will do to fall back on if everything else fails.

"But I won't claim it just yet—I will first wait and see how the other plan goes.

"Everything comes to him who waits, and Heaven knows! I have waited long enough.

"Still, after all, I shall succeed, and by dint of my own acumen, too.

"And now to write to Winterton, and tell him of my success."

He carefully closed the cabinet, and then folding the documents he had abstracted, put them in his breast-pocket and left the room, locking the door after him, and regaining his own apartments without being observed.

The rest of the morning he spent writing a voluminous epistle, which he went to the village to post.

It was addressed to "G. Winterton, Esq., Solicitor, ——Court, Lincoln's Inn Fields."

* * * * *

Meanwhile Vivian had reached the wood and was walking through it, crushing the dead leaves under her feet, and feeling the keen sense of elation rapid exercise in a fine clear air invariably gives.

She did not follow the narrow centre path, but struck into one which branched off, and which finally brought her to a pool before which she stopped and stood still shivering.

A more gloomy-looking spot it is impossible to conceive.

It was surrounded by a circle of trees, which, although leafless, yet seemed to cast a shadow on the still dark waters, a portion of which was covered with duckweed.

The other parts lay in sullen ripplelees stagnation that was suggestive of all sorts of slimy horrors lying hidden under the surface.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wrongly Accused.

BY DAVID KER.

THE sunshine of a morning in early June was streaming across the bare and discolored floors of the dreary old servants', office where blue-eyed little Rebecca Glenn sat patiently waiting for her chance in the great lottery of life.

She was a modest, pink-cheeked lassie, with lips like a ripe red raspberry; rippling brown hair that needed no "crimping pins" to give it the fashionable undulation, and a clear, healthy skin, browned with country wind and country sunshine.

Her dress was of cheap calico, of the color known as "madder red," and she wore a bonnet, tied down under her dimpled chin with a sober green ribbon, that bore too evident traces of having been washed and ironed more than once.

"Oh, dear," thought Rebecca, with a little sigh, as she moved uneasily on the hard bench, "will nobody employ me?"

Rebecca was getting rather despondent, in spite of the brave courage which had upheld her during the long, weary hours of the sultry morning.

Apparently there was a great demand for cooks; waitresses were wanted in all directions; children's nurses, seamstresses, lady's maids seemed to find no difficulty in obtaining situations, but nobody appeared to want a little maid-of-all-work.

One by one the companions of her morning's vigil dropped away, and still Rebecca sat there, flushed and weary, thinking of the solitary two-shilling piece in her purse.

She knew that it would only suffice to purchase her another supper and another night's lodging.

And then—then what would become of her, a solitary, friendless country girl, all alone in the cruel, tumultuous babel of that great city?

But, all of a sudden, a cheery, pleasant sounding voice chimed in her ears—the voice of a portly old lady, in a rustling black silk and gold spectacles, who had just come into the office.

"I would prefer a young girl, ma'am," said the pleasantly-modulated voice; "someone who isn't too old to learn my way of doing things, and could suit herself to me and my belongings—someone, ma'am, who could make herself generally useful, and be always ready when I called, and treat my cat and green parrot kindly. I am not at all particular about her having much experience, or——"

The mistress of the registry struck skilfully in, as the garrulous old lady paused to take breath.

"I have a young person here, madam, that I think will suit you exactly," she said peering over the top of her big railed-in desk.

"She is from the country, and has a very interesting face.

"Rebecca!" she called aloud: "Rebecca Glenn! come here!"

And Rebecca came, timid and blushing, but very pretty withal, with her heart beating so that she could hardly speak.

"There, Mrs. Perkins," said the dame of the desk, waving her hand to the girl.

And Mrs. Perkins saw, questioned, and approved.

"Well," she said, after a few queries were propounded and answered, "I like your looks, and I think I'll engage you."

Rebecca's heart leaped up within her.

She had been so nearly homeless, that a prospect of a home in good truth seemed very inviting to her.

"Thank you, ma'am," she said, shyly.

"Two pounds a quarter is all I can give you at first," went on Mrs. Perkins, smoothing down the thick folds of her silk dress. "You know, it's always best to adhere to your set rules—but if you make yourself of use to me, I shall probably increase the amount, in the course of a month or two."

So little Rebecca Glenn found a situation at last, in the roomy, old-fashioned house of Mrs Perkins, where the back windows opened upon a garden full of honeysuckles and tangled gooseberry hedges, the lovely alleys, shaded with the umbrella-like foliage of huge old pear and cherry trees, gnarled and ancient, and fringed with silver-green patches of moss.

"Oh, this is beautiful!" was Rebecca's first involuntary exclamation. "It makes me think of my home in the country."

"Do you like it, my girl?" asked Mrs. Perkins, with a pleased smile; and Rebecca had unconsciously made another step in the cheery old widow's good graces.

Rebecca was very happy in her new home.

True, there were drawbacks to her complete felicity.

The parrot was vociferous and quarrelsome; and the cat old, irritable, and surly, with a great genius for the use of her claws: but, then, Mrs. Perkins herself was such a perpetual fount of beaming good humor and smiles, that Rebecca, whose heart was like a convolvulus vine, stretching out to whoever would welcome it, grew very fond of her.

Nor was the girl's partiality unreciprocated.

"I shouldn't wonder if I were to adopt that child, some time or other," said Mrs. Perkins to her next-door neighbor, Miss Verbena Webb. "She's an orphan, with no one to care for her, and very pretty and amiable, and really I am getting to be very much attached to her."

Miss Webb elevated her ancient nose rather disparagingly in the air.

Miss Webb was no optimist.

"There's always some low, vicious streak about those sort of people! How came she to be so poor and friendless, I'd like to know? I always mistrust a girl who has no friends."

"But my dear, that's her misfortune, not her fault. She is not to be blamed for that!"

"Perhaps she isn't—perhaps she is," replied Miss Verbena laconically. "I would not trust her with my silver spoons, that I know."

Mrs. Perkins rubbed her spectacles with a troubled air.

Somehow Miss Verbena Webb's misanthropic scale of life didn't agree with her sunshiny scale of philosophy.

She went home to trim her Sunday cap, wishing she had not been to see Miss Verbena.

"Rebecca, my dear, just bring me my work-basket, and my thimble, and the piece of Valenciennes lace out of the right hand corner of my top bureau drawer."

"Here's the basket and thimble, ma'am," said alert little Rebecca, "but I don't see the lace."

"Look again, child. I put it there this very morning; I remember it distinctly."

"It is not there, Mrs. Perkins."

The old lady jumped up and trotted across the room, to institute a personal search.

But Rebecca was right—the lace was not there.

In vain Mrs. Perkins turned all her bureau drawers, and boxes, and baskets, inside out and upside down.

Her search was utterly fruitless.

She stood a moment, in deep, puzzled meditation.

Was Miss Verbena right, after all?

And had she been deceived all these weeks by the airs of an unprincipled adventuress?

"Rebecca, dear," she said, coaxingly, "the lace was very valuable: I gave ten shillings a yard for it, and there were four yards and a quarter."

"Yes, ma'am," said Rebecca, wondering what was to come next.

"And if you have taken it, my dear, without thinking, you know, wouldn't it be better to restore it at once? I won't be angry with you—I won't, indeed—and we'll overlook it, and——"

"Mrs. Perkins!"

The indignant blood suffused Rebecca's cheek, like a scarlet banner.

She burst into tears.

"Yes, but, my dear, what else could have become of it? No one has been in the house but you, and I have trusted all my keys to you, and——"

But Rebecca's outburst of sobs checked the old lady's speech.

Indeed, they might have convinced her of the grieved girl's perfect innocence, had it not been for Miss Verbena Webb, who had hurried in, like a vulture, to the field of battle.

"Of course she has stolen it!" said the irate spinster. "It's as plain as daylight, and I wonder at your doubting it for an instant, Charity Perkins? What did I tell you about these sort of girls, eh?"

"I suppose I ought to dismiss her," faltered soft-hearted Mrs. Perkins.

"Dismiss her! Of course you ought, without a moment's delay, and I should pack her off in charge of a policeman, and have all her baggage searched—the bold-faced little hussey!"

For Rebecca's dimpled beauty only served to harden the sour maiden's heart against her; and the pink cheeks and the brown, rippled hair were an abomination past forgiving in Verbena's eyes.

"No," said Mrs. Perkins, resolutely, "there shall be no policeman. If Rebecca must go, she shall go quietly, but I do wish she would make up her mind to confess."

The sun was sinking, like a huge ball of blood, behind the September horizon, when poor Rebecca Glenn crept crying away from Mrs. Perkins' threshold, as utterly alone and homeless as one of God's innocent creatures can well be.

"Where can I go? What shall I do?" she repeated over and over to herself as she toiled on.

"My head aches, and my eyes feel so hot and burning—and I have no place to hide myself in, away from the cruel world."

The moon had risen when Rebecca sank down on a stone by the roadside, to rest and cry.

She, somehow, had fancied that the quiet country lanes would be a place of refuge, yet now that she had reached them, every bush and stump and gnarled tree seemed to point the fingers of scorn at her, and every breeze to murmur, mockingly—"Suspected as a thief, suspected as a thief."

Rebecca thought her heart was breaking.

Ah, if it only would break, and ache on so bitterly.

She leaned her head against the trunk of a tree, and closed her throbbing eyes, with a mute prayer at her heart for the blessed gift of oblivion.

"Rebecca. My dear little Rebecca."

She opened her eyes with a quick, convulsive start, almost fancying the familiar voice was but the delusion of a dream.

"Mrs. Perkins!"

"Yes, child, it's I, and a pretty chase I've had after you, to be sure, ever since the sun went down. Come back with me, Rebecca, and be as my own child, henceforward. I've wronged you cruelly, and I could bite my own tongue out to think I let that vinegar-faced old maid talk me out of my common sense. I've found the lace, Rebecca."

"Where, ma'am?"

"Well, you had hardly got out of sight, before I heard the parrot chattering like all possessed, down in the garden, and there he was with his beak and his claws down in the hollow and something white shining among the leaves.

"I called John to bring the ladder, and rushed out just as quick as ever I could, and my dear, it was my Valenciennes lace, all in a tangle.

"And not that alone, but one of my best silver spoons. You may believe I never was so glad of anything in all my life. It was not the lace so much,—but to think I had wronged you so bitterly, my poor, innocent little girl.

"However, you'll come home with me now, and never leave me again, my child."

And Rebecca, crying out her great happiness on the old lady's motherly breast, went home with her, to a life of peaceful happiness once more.

But Miss Verbena Webb's belief in "natural depravity" still remains unshaken, in spite of circumstances.

Scientific and Useful.

AXLE GREASE.—Tallow, thirty-five parts; oil of resin, ten parts; olive or rape oil, sixty-five parts.

THE EYE.—Two cases have been reported to an English medical society in which the electro-magnet has been successfully used for removing pieces of iron from the eye. Without the magnet it is thought that the sight of the injured eye must have been lost in each case.

USES OF WOOD.—Built-up wood, like that employed for a good many years back in bottoming chairs, already competes with canvas for the purposes of the artist and with binders' board for book covers. Its lightness, almost entire absence of cleavage lines, and non-liability to split are among its commendable features.

SELF-REGISTERING COMPASS.—A notable invention is a self-registering ship's compass, so contrived as to keep a continuous record of the steered course of the vessel the length of time during which she has remained on each course, and changes in the course, and the exact time of every change. The record is automatically traced on paper.

TEA-LEAVES.—Save the spent tea-leaves for a few days then steep them in a tin pail or pan for half an hour; strain through a sieve, and use the tea for all varnished paints. It requires very little elbow polish as the tea acts as a strong detergent, cleansing the paint from all impurities and making it equal to new. It cleans windows and sashes and oilcloths; indeed, any varnished surface is improved by its application. It washes window-panes and mirrors much better than water, and is excellent for cleansing black walnut and looking-glass frames. It will not do to wash unvarnished paints with it.

CARD TELEGRAMS.—Card telegrams are much in use in Paris. There are two kinds of them—one like the ordinary postal card in form and color, and the other blue and capable of being so closed as to conceal the writing. They are each large enough to contain a message of fully sixty words. When a card is dropped into the card telegram box of the nearest telegraph office the official in charge picks it up and has it transmitted through one of the pneumatic tubes which extend all over the city, thus insuring its delivery at the place to which it is addressed in less than half an hour from the time it was "posted."

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—Clean the poultry house and sprinkle with ashes or plaster. If lice abound, apply kerosene in small amounts to the perches, from which it will spread to the birds in effective quantities.

APPLE TREES.—Bands on apple trees are a positive detriment, unless they are properly attended to. The bands make good breeding places for the moths if not examined every seven or nine days. By all means do not encourage them by neglecting the bands if they are used.

HOGS AND BLACKBERRIES.—The best way to rid fields of the blackberry is to let hogs root them up. They are very fond of the bark of the root, although it is bitter and astringent. In a neighborhood where hog cholera was prevalent it was observed that those who had the run of a blackberry-infested field were not sick in any way.

STRAW.—There are so many useful purposes for straw that the wise farmer will scarcely need to have recourse to the fire to get rid of it. It makes an excellent mulch for all kinds of fruit trees and berry vines. Use it for bedding and by frequent changing increase the compost heap. Spread it on dry knolls and places in meadows and pasture where the grass has burned or dried out.

KILLING PLANTAINS.—A correspondent says "a drop or two of chloroform put in the centre of a plant of plantain will kill it, and so will salt." We suppose it is meant that the top of the Plantain should first be cut off, and the application be made at the cut surface of the crown or root. A drop of kerosene oil applied in this manner is sure death to the plant, and is preferable either to chloroform or salt.

WOOD FOR WHEELS.—Carefully conducted experiments have demonstrated the fact that seasoned wood, well saturated with oil when put together, will not shrink in the dryest weather. Wheels have been known to run many years, even to wearing out the tires. Very many dollars might be saved annually if this practice were adopted. Boiled linseed oil is the best for general use although it is now known that crude petroleum, on even old wheels, is of great benefit.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 31, 1884.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

Great Reduction in Price!

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST"

$2.00 a Year for Single Copy;

—or,—

$1.00 a Year in Clubs of 10.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS

FOR THE YEAR 1884!

We are pleased to announce to our patrons that we have reduced our Club Rates to such a figure for this year as to place THE POST within the reach of all. We are determined to get a very large list of new subscribers, and in order to do so we will receive subscriptions at

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

IN CLUBS OF TEN.

And, as an inducement to send a club, we will give a gratis copy for every club of 10 at $1.00 each. Remember, we will not send a single copy for less than $2.00; and in order to get the reduced rate, one must send at least ten subscriptions. We cannot send a less number for less than $2.00 each.

Think of it! 10 Copies of THE POST one year, with one extra for sending the Club, making 11 copies, for $10.00!

Those who send Clubs, can afterwards add names at $1.00 each.

We hope and trust that each of our present subscribers will send a club at the new rates. A little effort cannot fail to secure one, and they will thereby be doing to themselves and friends a favor, and assist in raising the circulation of so good a paper as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers at the reduced rate are so low that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for bringing the paper to their notice. Remember, the getter-up of a club of 10 gets a free copy of the paper an entire year.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Box No. 1858, Philadelphia, Pa.

Office, 728 Sansom Street.

FORMING CHARACTER.

The choice of surroundings, either for ourselves or for others, is one of the most important means of developing and improving character.

It is no longer a mere matter of preference where we live, with whom we spend our time, what books we read, what recreations we pursue, what sights we gaze upon, or what sounds we hear.

We should choose, as far as possible, not only or always the most congenial, but the most improving, and such as will tend to develop the very points in which our special natures happen to be lacking.

The habits of mind, of thought, and of action, that are thus insensibly but steadily formed, are the materials out of which character is built, and upon which the value and the permanent happiness of each individual depend.

And we have to utilize those lessons of self-knowledge and self-respect which should inspire each young boy and girl not to look forward with eager eye to the possibility of becoming a great statesman, a leader of fashion, or star, but to search diligently for his or her capability, and to develop it, in all earnestness, faithfulness and loyalty.

Both in home-life and school-life our influence over the young should always be in this direction.

It is not a depressing influence—on the contrary, it is ennobling and full of the brightest hope. It is the only path to happiness, for no one is ever so happy as when he is successfully engaged in doing that which he can do well, in the way of forming character.

It is the only path to value, for assuredly the worth of an individual to society depends upon his being in the right place and doing his own appropriate work.

It is the only path to national welfare, for just as the health and perfection of the body depends on each organ fulfilling its own function, so the health of the body-politic depends on each individual understanding his own character and his own limits, and developing the one without overstepping the other.

He who learns by experience, both sweet and bitter, touches the secret spring of success. He can turn whatever knowledge he possesses to the best account, while, without this practical wisdom, stores of knowledge may be wasted.

This power, like every other, may be cultivated. It strengthens by exercise, it withers by disease. Those who are naturally deficient in it may improve by carefully directing their thoughts to definite ends to be gained, by calling up to frequent remembrance their past mistakes, follies, and faults, with their subsequent ill effects, and by reviewing with equal care the reverse and brighter side of their experience. It is in this way the discipline of daily life comes to be our most valuable friend in making a character; it is in this way the past may be made a safe guide and an inspiring influence to the future.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE custom of having pages at weddings has not penetrated to this country as yet. However, at a marriage in a church in Sheffield, Eng., lately, the bride's two brothers in plush costumes, trimmed with point lace of the time of Henry VIII., attracted universal admiration.

—

TABLEAUX VIVANTS are all the rage in a certain section of French "society," and sacred subjects are almost invariably selected. "The Trial of Christ" is in rehearsal at one well-known house, and, by arrangement it is to be followed at another house in a short time by a representation of His "Crucifixion."

—

THE latest fashionable disease in England is a species of asthma, caused by the smell of a horse. The Duchess of Argyll and a son of the Marquis of Salisbury are among its victims. The fashionable doctor has written that it can only be cured homœopathically by sleeping for a night above a stable, and grinning and bearing the misery without taking any remedy.

—

EVERY boy should be given a trade. It will cost him nothing to keep it if, in manhood, opportunities are offered him to engage in other and more profitable (but not more respectable) employment. A good deed once done, says an old proverb, is done forever, and we know of nothing that would more forcibly illustrate the truth of this sentiment than the adoption and practical use of it by our boys.

—

THERE is a craze for gambling in New York at present, which has not been equalled before in the history of that city, and "social" poker-playing, especially, is an epidemic. No dinner party now-a-days is considered complete unless a little "draw" follows it, and even every boarding-house in town has its coterie of players. A well-known society leader says five times as many ladies play poker to-day as did five years ago.

—

THE practice of sending children to school at any early age is rapidly decreasing in Boston, and, according to the last annual report of the Board of Education of that city, the number of children attending school under seven years of age had decreased seventeen per cent., as compared with the previous report. The general attendance, however, increased, as did also the number of older pupils attending the schools.

—

ONE day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next day disappointed in him. It will be so to the end; and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you; and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for weakness, foolishness, and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

—

SOME new words have been lately introduced in England. "To Peacock" is applied by the London *Times* to a parade of troops for show only, while *Punch* has given us the expression "to slum." Slumming is now a fashionable amusement. The Prince of Wales, who is good at many things, slummed lately in St. Pancras and Holborn, and naturally was much struck with the extraordinary difference that exists between the dens inhabited by the St. Pancasins and his own Sandringham and Marlborough houses.

—

CAREFUL study of the results of surgical operations has proved that the nearer the condition of the patient approaches that of a member of a well-ordered household, the better are the chances of recovery; in small and separate hospitals the mortality diminishes with the size of the building, while in large and more crowded hospitals the mortality is found to increase proportionately, and it reaches its height in those in which these conditions have existed for the longest time.

—

LET it be clearly understood that it is no point of wisdom to yield to the weight of years too readily. It is very possible to make great mistakes in this matter. How long the mental faculties of a man in a fair state of health may, in a general way, go on gathering power is a moot point, and is never likely to be conclusively settled; but there can be no doubt that his experience and wisdom may accumulate quite indefinitely; and experience and wisdom are, after all, factors of success in most undertakings of even greater importance than even strength of mind. As a rule, old age is the happiest when it is somewhat insensible to time's broad hints, and goes pegging bravely on to the end.

—

THE Chinese farm-house is a curious-looking abode. Usually it is sheltered with groves of feathery bamboo and thick spreading banyans. The walls are of clay and wood and the interior of the house consists of one main room extending from the floor to the tiled roof, with closet-looking apartments in the corners for sleeping-rooms. There is a sliding window on the roof made out of cut oyster-shells arranged in rows, while the side windows are mere wooden shutters. The floor is the bare earth, where at nightfall there often gathers together a miscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks, pigeons, and a litter of pigs, all living together in happy harmony. In some districts infested by marauding bands, houses are strongly fortified with high walls, containing apertures for fire-arms, and protected by a moat crossed by a rude drawbridge. With grain, swine, and a well under his roof, the farmer and his men might hold out against a year's siege.

—

IT is an astonishing fact, says a New York paper, that one-sixth of all our herds are now owned by Englishmen. Every year the English come over and buy cattle, and if they keep on at the present rate they will soon own all the cattle on the plains. Why our large capitalists should allow so valuable a property as native cattle to pass into the hands of foreign holders is inexplicable, but they are doing so, and the time will come when the will bitterly regret it. It would be a deplorable thing to have foreigners control our home beef markets and cattle exports, but they will do so within the next ten years, unless our moneyed men wake up and put a portion of their money into herds.

—

THE Supreme Court of Iowa recently rendered a decision which embodies a world of truth and warning that should interest every young woman in the land. A wife had made application for a divorce on the ground that her husband was a confirmed drunkard, when the evidence showed that she had knowledge of his intemperate habits before she married him. In refusing the petition, the Judge said: "You voluntarily chose a drunkard for a husband, and you should discharge the duties of a drunkard's wife. His failure to keep a pledge of reformation, made before marriage, does not justify you in deserting him. Having knowingly and willingly married a drunkard, you must make yourself content with the sacred relationship."

—

OHIO'S matrimonial affairs were evidently not a bit more peaceful than her politics last year. In the entire State the average was one divorce to about seventeen marriages, but for every seven marriages there was one application for divorce. Of the causes for divorce, the largest number, 1929, are for absence and neglect; then follow cruelty, adultery, drunkenness, and fraud, in their respective order, besides 186 cases with no special cause assigned. In all these the women are the most numerous petitioners, except for adultery and fraud, and in these the males are only slightly in excess of the females. Only 23 husbands were divorced on account of the cruelty of their wives against 265 of the other sex for like cause. Six husbands were separated from drunken wives to 168 wives from drunken husbands.

—

THE proximate cause of sleeplessness is plethora of the cerebral blood-vessels, and a palliative cure can be effected by anything that lessens the tendency of the circulation toward the head. But a permanent cure may require time and patience. By night-studies brain-workers sometimes contract insomnia in that worst form which finds relief only in the stupor of a low fever, alternating with consecutive days of nervous headaches. Reforming topers often have to pass through the same ordeal, before the deranged nervous system can be restored to its normal condition. Fresh air, especially of a low temperature, pedestrian exercise, and an aperient diet, are the best natural remedies. Under no circumstances should sleeplessness be overcome by narcotics. An opium torpor can not fulfill the functions of refreshing sleep.

—

IF we look back for only a few centuries, and ponder on the miracles which, so to speak, have been wrought in our own country, and then look forward to all the marvels whose exposition we may contemplate as hereafter to take place as man advances in intelligence, and as his knowledge becomes more universal, not only in the beaten tracks and familiar paths of perception, but in the yet unexplored regions of philosophy, of science, and of art, we cannot but applaud the patient industry and the exerted intellect which have combined, and which shall yet unite, in unfolding wonder upon wonder, and which, as they have proved, so shall continue to verify, "What a piece of work is man!—how noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form and moving how express and admirable; in action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a god!—the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!"

SUNSHINE.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

God smiles upon His Summer world to-day,
And bathes in His own glory sky and sea.
How golden-bright the rippling waters play!
How richly verdant lies the lovely lea!

The grass is well-nigh hidden by the sheen
Of yellow buttercups, like laughter-spread
Over the waving fields, where, trembling lean
Pale purple harebells o'er the daisy's bed.

The lark is lost in the delicious sky,
Where, born of sunshine, silent in the blue,
Like isles of Paradise white cloudlets lie
And, all transparent, let the glory through.

The burning sun treads proudly on the floor
Of the blue lustrous deep, that sinks and sways
Beneath his fiery footsteps—evermore
The crowned earth blushes at his ardent gaze.

God smiles upon His Summer world, and life
Blossoms and blooms; a million tiny wings
Flash in the warm green shadows, perfume-rife,
And unto every rose a gold bee clings.

Crimson and azure clad, the butterflies
And airy dragon-flies flit to and fro:
While the dun-colored moth a shelter spies
In those dim dell where fern and foxglove grow.

Oh, bright the presence of the sunshine here
Where sin and pain have darkened the fair earth,
Telling men evermore that heav'n is near,
Where all we see of beauty hath its birth!

Best gift of God, for evermore man's own,
The daily advent of the glorious sun,
Telling of climes where darkness is unknown
And the celestial day is never done—

Telling, each time the unstained light is born
And its fresh radiance tints the trembling dew,
Of the sure coming of a better dawn,
When all things, like the sunshine, shall be new!

The Lost Diamond.

BY DAVID KER.

MONSIEUR ALPHONSE LE COIFFIER stood at the door of the Ladies' Emporium and Hairdressing Establishment, twirling his light moustache, and smiling serenely on mankind, as represented in the passers-by upon the busy thoroughfare, one of the architectural ornaments of which was his own prosperous and fashionable shop.

As he stood there, he looked the personification of content.

He was a somewhat handsome man, though his stature was small, and gave him an insignificant look; but his lady customers thought there was a dash and *verve* about him that was irresistible.

He gave them the idea of a man with a romantic history, and if he were a political exile, as they suspected, he certainly had been a gentleman once, and though now debased from the high pinnacle of glory where he stood in other days, should never feel his position if they could help it, averred his fair customers.

He knew his powers, and shrugged his shoulders, talked cynically of things in general, and at times brought in anecdotes about the Faubourg St. Germain that made his auditors certain he once graced its *recherché* salons.

There were all specimens of hair and hair-work displayed in the shop window, from fine to coarse—from raven locks of midnight blackness to golden ones of sunlight hues.

Inside was a more gorgeous display, and at the back of the large establishment was a sumptuously-furnished apartment, devoted to the mysteries of hairdressing, while still in the rear of this room women were working at wig-making, etc.

A well-appointed turn-out rolled up to the door.

In a moment Alphonse stood by it, bowing politely to the ladies within.

"Ah, M. Alphonse!" said a sparkling brunette beauty, as she lowered her lace parasol, and prepared to descend from her landau.

"You see how early I am. It's a heathenish hour for me to be up, you know, but necessity compels.

"Mattie will you come in with me to M. Alphonse's?"

This remark was addressed to a fashionable, haughty-looking young lady, who sat back in the carriage with the air of a person too indolent to breathe.

"You can settle things yourself, Lucia," replied Miss Mattie, with a careless wave of her lavender-gloved hand.

"Very well, then," said Lucia, as she walked into M. Alphonse's shop.

"You must know, M. Alphonse, that there is to be a superb ball on the 20th.

"Now, I suppose Letty will be engaged ahead, and I am going to be beforehand with everyone.

"Where is Letty's slate? Ah, you have it. Well, please put down—

"'The Misses Avery, Wednesday evening at seven o'clock.'"

"Very well," said M. Alphonse, as he wrote the command upon a slate, at the head of which was the name Letty Dare.

"You know there's not a soul that understands my style but Letty; and, to tell the truth, M. Alphonse, I did not enjoy myself at Mrs. Atherton's ball the other evening, for the simple reason that Lettie couldn't do my hair."

M. Alphonse then showed Miss Avery some new hairdressing plates, just received by him from "*chere* Paris," and, after some further chatting, he saw his fair customer to her carriage, and turning gracefully towards Miss Mattie, asked her how she liked her last set of curls.

"Charming!" drawled Miss Mattie. "Just like the real thing, M. Alphonse."

"Then I rest content," he said; and telling the coachman to drive to a certain fashionable dressmaker's, as Miss Avery had asked him to do, he bowed the carriage off.

"A perfect gentleman," murmured Miss Mattie, drowsily.

"A lovely man," said Miss Lucia; "evidently in a position far beneath him. His manners savor of the French *regime*, and I could be able to assert positively that he was connected in some way with that melancholy count we met at the Tuileries ball, who told us circumstances forced him to be there, though his heart and his conscience drove him away from the imperial court. Poor dear aristocrat! how well I understood his prejudices."

After this peroration Miss Lucia sank back in the carriage, buried in thought, overcome, perhaps, by the remembrance of her own long line of ancestors in the tallow trade; and a gentle sigh welled itself up from Miss Mattie's fair throat, suggestive that she, too, was deep in meditation upon the same subject.

"What shall you wear in your hair?" she asked, presently, returning to life, or, in other words, commonplaceism.

"I've set my heart on a pink bow, in which shall be embedded my diamond brooch,"

"You had better have it sewed in very firm.

"I certainly shall."

The carriage, with its silly occupants, passed on.

Let us return to M. Alphonse.

He is standing by the slate, on which is inscribed the name of Letty Dare.

Looking at it also are two violet eyes, coquettish, sad, quiet by turns; eyes that belong to Letty Dare herself—eyes that are certainly bewitching to M. Alphonse.

Letty has a mass of curling brown hair—in this case her own—and a rich color burns in her face, given her, no doubt, by her constant exercise in the open air in pursuance of her duties as hairdresser.

She wears a jaunty black silk dress—a cast-off garment of one off her customers—and a bonnet, pretending to an air of coquettishness, set back on her head.

Her fingers are covered with rings, and in her hand is a bag—mysterious article!—holding the implements of her trade.

Letty is a very pretty girl, and she is somewhat foolish—fond of admiration—yet possesses really a very great deal of common sense.

That she possesses also a *penchant* for dress and jewelry, as is often the case with women of her class, is a fault that a few years will doubtless obviate.

"The Misses Avery for the twentieth," says Letty, glancing at the slate. "Hem! I don't like those young ladies; they are always so gossipy—trying to get everything out of me, and I won't tell them a thing. Generally my customers and I agree pretty well, but in this case——"

"There is no affection for the young misses on your side, eh?" M. Alphonse asked, gazing into Letty's face, with his most bewitching smile. "They like you; but everyone does—you are so *charmante*. As for them, poor misses! they are blighted with your dislike. Save me from such a fate, Mademoiselle Violet-eyes!"

"Don't be ridiculous," said Letty, tossing her head, but well pleased, nevertheless.

"So you always say; but I am still recalcitrous. See! this morning I was very absurd; I bought a bouquet of violets to match your eyes."

"Nonsense!" said Letty, turning away. "Some hairpins, please, for old Miss Rauney's hair."

She spoke to a girl at the counter, and the girl produced a box of Lilliputian hairpins, the only kind that Letty's peculiar old lady customer would use.

"I may see you to-morrow evening if I call, Mademoiselle Letty?" asked the voice of M. Alphonse.

"Perhaps," was all Letty replied; and a moment afterwards she was out of the shop.

As soon as she had left, M. Alphonse pondered things in his mind in this wise—

"A charming creature, surely! I might as well be married now as ever. She, as Madame Le Coiffier, will make me money, for the *eclat* of my name will be added to her known skill. So, so, M. Alphonse, all is well—all is well!"

And he rubbed his hands together gleefully, and the girls wondered to see him so unusually blithe.

The next evening Letty Dare returned home from her work, and prepared herself for the call of M. Alphonse.

She came into her snug though plain apartments singing gleefully.

Letty lived at the very top of a large building.

She drew aside the curtains, and looked out.

The sun of the bright May day was setting and tinting the city domes with glorious hues.

At the end of the street, as Letty gazed down from her window she saw the sails of ships rising up, white and weird-looking, from the river.

Below her, in the street, was a mass of people hurrying to and fro.

There, opposite, standing in a doorway, stood a familiar figure, looking up at Letty with an ecstatic air.

And, indeed, she was a pretty sight, her hair blown about by the breeze, a sparkle of happiness in her violet eyes, a flush on her face.

The man who looked up at Letty was a tall, quiet-looking person, dressed roughly, but very neatly, and with a decidedly common-place air.

There was nothing remarkable about his smooth face, and the only impression he produced was that of strength.

You felt he was a strong, firm man, both morally and physically.

Letty thought him intolerably plain, and yet at that moment, as he stood gazing up at her, he was really rather handsome, the expression on his face transfiguring it.

He looked like a devotee worshipping a saint.

Letty smiled upon him in a condescending way and bowed, and he took off his shabby hat and bowed too.

And then Letty gazed a moment over the roofs of the houses and at the church spires with a becoming look, such as she well knew how to throw into her eyes, and her head was withdrawn from the window, as she exclaimed petulantly—

"That foolish John Hilton!"

A moment after she ran away to her bedroom, and placing her bonnet and sacque in her closet, was soon back again, busy preparing tea for the sole occupants of her apartments—her father and herself.

The latter came from work soon after, and he and Lettie ate a supper together.

When the tea things were put away, it was time to prepare for M. Alphonse.

She should never allow him to know how excited she was over his advent; and yet she was greatly agitated.

She took out Miss Rauney's cast-off blue cashmere, changed from the latter's style of dress and figure by her own deft fingers.

Then she arranged her hair in her most becoming style, and appeared suddenly before her father daintily arrayed soon after, producing a stunning effect.

"M. Alphonse is coming," she announced; and if it had been the king of the Cannibal Islands himself that was expected, poor Mr. Dare could not have been more awed.

He immediately resolved to retire to his own room to read the paper, and he kept to his resolution.

After much suspense came a rap at the door.

"Come in!" said Letty, quietly, discovered at her sewing by the centre table.

The door opened, and in walked M. Alphonse.

But not quite the M. Alphonse of the shop.

No; a gorgeous creature with lavender gloves, white vest, perfumed handkerchief, and a cane.

His hair was brushed off from his face, so stiffly plastered back, which gave him an odd, unnatural look.

His collar choked him in a cruel and queer-looking way.

In his hand was a bouquet of violets, which he extended towards Letty, as he made her a most flourishing bow.

Though he looked very elegantly in Letty's eyes, yet there was something about him she did not like and that made her laugh.

"So you came," she said, carelessly; and she took the flowers. "These for me? Oh, how good of you! I am so much obliged. Take this chair, won't you?" she continued, motioning him to a seat near her.

"Mademoiselle is very kind to accept my flowers; she is altogether charming," began M. Alphonse, twirling his head uncomfortably about his collar. "How well Mademoiselle is looking! Ah, she lives comfortably, too"—and his keen eyes took an inventory of the apartment and its furniture.

"These apartments make my mind revert to Paris."

So began the call of M. Alphonse; and he grew tender as the evening waned.

Indeed, he was just about to broach the subject of his call, and was telling Letty how he thought of making a visit to "*la belle France*," and should so like to take a wife with him.

The gorgeous panorama of travel was just about to open to Letty's eyes, when a tap came at the door.

There stood the figure of John Hilton.

* * * * * * *

The night of the twentieth of May was a time long to be remembered in Letty's calendar.

A night in itself pleasant enough, save for its sorrowful consequences.

As Letty walked to the house of the Misses Avery, she recalled [illegible] that it was a glorious ev[illegible]

The stars shone [illegible] heavens.

The night wind roamed pleasantly along the streets.

It reminded her of her childhood days, when she had lived in the country.

She mounted the steps to the mansion of Joyce Avery and rang at the bell.

But as she entered the house, a premonition of trouble came upon her.

The atmosphere was close, and the odor of flowers was wafted towards her with a suffocating sense.

In the drawing-room, the door of which stood open, a young man was playing dreamily upon the piano.

The air rang in her head long afterwards, and always made her sad and unhappy.

Upstairs she was received by the lady's maid, and conducted to the apartment of Miss Lucia Avery.

That young lady sat expectantly before her mirror, robed in a long white peignoir, her dark hair falling over it in a waving mass.

"In time, as usual, Letty," said Miss Lucia, smiling pleasantly. "I can't do without you in a case of this sort."

"It's to be a grand ball, I expect," said Letty, opening her bag and beginning operations at once upon Miss Avery's head.

"Yes, indeed," replied Miss Avery. "There will of course be some fine dresses there. I suppose you are pretty busy about it, aren't you?"

"Yes, quite," replied Letty, determined not to tell what customers she had been waiting upon.

But alas! for her determination, it was put to flight a moment after by the persistent cross questioning of Miss Lucia.

"Have you dressed dear Miss McKay's hair?"

"Yes, I have dressed Miss McKay's hair," replied Letty, her face crimson with anger and annoyance. "And I put in it flowers from a bouquet sent to her, I imagine, by a gentleman friend."

Miss Lucia flushed painfully herself, and there was an embarrassing pause.

Miss McKay had flowers for to-night, and sent to her by a gentleman.

Who else could it be but—yes, he alone would send Ada McKay flowers, and jealousy whispered to the woman who loved that her rival would be triumphant that night.

If Letty had pondered for weeks, she could not have determined upon a deeper wound to Miss Lucia's feelings than she had given by her unfortunate reply to her question, and yet she did not suspect it.

She noticed Miss Avery was very quiet after this, and was only aroused to any interest in the proceedings when the moment came to place the pink bow and diamond in her hair.

"You are quite sure it is strongly sewed in?" asked Letty, holding the dazzling jewel in her hand.

As she poised it there, its rays sparkled, and shed forth a pure white light.

"A gem of the first water," spoke Miss Lucia, "one papa bought in Paris. It used to belong to a famous duchess there, and cost a mint of money."

"It is superb!" said Letty, still gazing spellbound at it.

Then she put it daintily in amongst Miss Lucia's braids, and it showed off to perfection in her dark tresses.

"Now for Miss Mattie's hair," she said, as she gathered up a few stray hair-pins.

"You must come back and see my dress on," said Miss Avery, smiling to herself in the glass.

She was angry with Letty, and thought her remarks about Ada McKay's flowers were meant as an intentional affront, but she really wished her opinion of her new pink silk, and so was obliging enough to ask her to see it.

Her hair, too, might be a bit ruffled by the process of putting the dress on, and Letty could arrange any stray locks.

So the latter left for Miss Mattie's room, promising to return later to her sister's.

Miss Mattie's hair was soon arranged, and then Letty returned to Miss Avery's room in order to behold her arrayed in all the splendor of full ball toilet.

The maid had been superintending putting on the gorgeous dress, and now was gone to Miss Mattie.

Letty stood before Lucia Avery really overwhelmed with her beauty.

Her complexion was exquisite.

She was graceful, piquant, refined.

"Oh, you are beautiful, Miss Avery," said Letty, standing with eyes open with wonderment and admiration, surveying her.

As Miss Lucia turned round to be surveyed, the diamond in her hair lent a splendor to her appearance, and sparkled as her own rare beauty.

"Is your diamond securely in?" she asked.

"It seems so," replied Miss Lucia, as she spread out the well-flounced underskirt to her dress.

One moment Letty stood on tip-toe to feel that the diamond was secure, and the next she was out of the room.

This was an eventful evening to Letty Dare, and was remembered shudderingly in her mind when long years had passed.

Not that the horror of it came suddenly upon her, but all its misfortune was heaped upon her head by slow degrees.

For a time life was the same.

M. Alphonse was still attentive, still smiled, still flirted, and John Hilton worshipped her in his quiet way.

May passed into June, and then came a change.

Ladies who had been Letty's regular customers prepared to leave town for the country.

They always dismissed Letty about this time, and yet this year it was a few weeks earlier.

Generally the summer months were lucrative to Letty, but there seemed little chance this year of her finding custom, to judge from the coldness of those who had been most kind.

What could it mean?

Should she ask Mr. Alphonse?

No, for he, too, seemed distant, and not exactly her friend.

Remarks were made to her that she could not understand.

A nice old Miss Rauney had a hard scolding from her aunt for a rudeness towards Letty Dare.

As the latter was dressing Miss Rauney's hair, Laura Rauney, aged sixteen, and an intolerable Tom-boy, stood regarding her attentively.

"You're fond of jewelry, ain't you, Miss Dare?" she asked.

"Yes, I do like rings," replied Letty, coloring.

"Those of yours are not gold, and the stones ain't real, either; but I know you'd give your eyes for genuine ones."

"Laura!" stormed Miss Rauney, more angry, it seemed, to Letty, than the occasion warranted, "leave the room, miss, and go upstairs."

Letty was provoked at the child's rudeness, and yet somehow perplexed by it, too.

A certain smile on her face all the while seemed to express some hidden meaning.

Miss Rauney's deep indignation, too,

seemed also to call for an explanation, but none came; and that evening, when Letty returned to the shop of M. Alphonse, her treatment also made her sure that, in some way, a cloud hung over her head, which it was in vain for her to attempt to remove.

"You return late, mademoiselle," he said in a mocking, heartless voice, very different from the tones he used a few weeks before.

"We are about to close. Did your numerous customers detain you long?"

There was a sneer on his lips, and a fiendish light in his eyes.

In that moment the idol Letty had made of him in her mind, fell to the ground.

"I demand an explanation of your sneers," she said, facing him, her face aglow with the light of her indignation.

And he saw the lovely face, and quailed before its defiant beauty.

"Your name is branded, Mademoiselle Dare," he said, in a bland tone of voice. "One cannot be dishonest without losing the respect of other people, if not their own."

One moment Letty's face looked at him in blankest amazement, then a sudden color rushed into it.

"The diamond, mademoiselle," said M. Alphonse. "The diamond of those misses you disliked so much. Ah! you are fond of jewels."

Letty staggered back a step, and murmuring a few words, seemed about to faint.

But, though the breath came for a moment gaspingly through her lips, a strong will gave it all back to her.

She opened the door of M. Alphonse's shop, and rushed out into the air.

How she ever reached home she could not tell.

When she did reach it, she sank down on the floor, moaning piteously.

Thus her father found her, and sought in vain to assuage her anguish.

The blow fell very heavily upon him, and yet he fought it off.

Letty, his Letty dishonest!

"What can it mean?" asked Letty. "What can it mean father? When I saw the diamond the last thing, and arranged it securely in Miss Avery's hair."

"She lost it afterwards, probably and blamed you.

"She might have disturbed it in putting on her cloak, or have struck it getting in the carriage."

"It is very unjust that I should be blamed. Why not the maid? Yet, poor thing! she may be as innocent as I."

Letty's violet eyes looked wildly, and a feverish spot was on either cheek.

They sat a long time there, those two, saying not a word, and when Letty at last stirred, she tottered towards her room, and sank with a heavy moan on her bed, dressed as she was.

A night of torture followed, and was the first of many sad and sorrowful ones.

For Letty Dare was very ill after this, and her life despaired of.

The summer days came, but failed to rouse poor Letty Dare.

Off at the fashionable watering-place, where they had for three seasons past been belles, Lucia and Mattie Avery danced and flirted, and dreamed away the days pleasantly.

Love had come to Lucia, for, ever fortunate, she had triumphed over her rival, Miss McKay.

All that could add to happiness seemed heaped upon her, and surely she was one of fortunate's favorites.

Mattie though she mingled in the crowd, and appeared deeply content, was in reality far from it.

She was haunted by the face of a girl much beneath her in position—the face of Letty Dare.

She had heard how her sister's accusation had harmed Letty, and she was sorry for one she felt to be innocent.

That the diamond was gone was indeed true.

That its loss had been discovered just after Letty Dare left the house, was also a settled fact.

No one had been near Lucia but her, and Miss Avery had herself placed her opera cloak on her shoulders.

In placing her cloak upon herself, had she not swept off the diamond?

Letty grew better as September came in, and sat up, and occasionally walked about the room.

Though she was sad at times, a strange, sweet smile seemed to rest on her face.

There were no rings on her fingers now but one—an old-fashioned seal ring, not by any means a costly one; and yet it is very, very dear to Letty.

She turns it around and around on her thin finger, and gazes at it from different points of view.

It tells a story of sweetest trust and hope, and brightens, indeed, her heavy heart.

"There is only one thing now," she thinks, "only one thing to make me entirely happy."

There is a knock at Letty's door, and Mattie Avery enters.

Letty cowers away as she sees her.

But Mattie walks up to her and takes her two hands tenderly.

"Poor Letty!" she says, "It is found! It is found! What you have suffered appals me.

"I have suffered in my turn, but in a different way. I know the pain and anguish of it all!"

"The diamond found?" asks Letty, a bright light in her face.

"Yes, in the fluted top of one of the flounces of sister's dress.

"Oh, forgive poor Lucia! We shall make it all up to you Letty.

"You shall have more work than ever when you are well."

"No," said the voice of John Hilton, "Letty shall never work any more."

Mattie's eyes fell on Letty's ring, and a strange sad smile parted her lips.

"This pays me for all the pain," said Letty, tenderly gazing at the ring.

"If I had never suffered, I never should have learnt all that John is worth to me."

Mattie Avery's eyes filled with tears.

What Letty possessed in life, she had lost, and in pain of its loss had she discovered herself.

"Out of all sorrow cometh light, if not joy," she said.

And so, with the wedding of John Hilton and Letty Dare, ends the story of the Lost Diamond.

Edie's Punishment.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

"PLEASE say yes, uncle; won't you?" A pair of coaxing blue eyes were dangerous proximity to a pair of masculine grey ones, and two clinging arms were around Uncle Gus White's neck; notwithstanding which interesting facts, the gentleman said "No!" very decidedly.

Edie's scarlet lips pouted most becomingly then, and she gave Uncle Gus a flash from her blue eyes that fell entirely short of her intention to completely annihilate him.

"I think you might just this once, when you know that next week is my quarter day, and I must have a new dress for Mrs. Elverston's ball.

"I don't see why you cannot break your rule, just this once, by advancing me only twenty pounds.

"Uncle, do; won't you please?"

Her face was very pleasant to see, in its pleadings—all flushed with eagerness, and the delicate yellow gold hair flowing loosely over her perfect shoulders.

Her lips were parted and the teeth just merely gleamed between them, and in her eyes was a faint glow of defiant anger.

Mr. White saw it all, and shook his head again.

"I cannot forego my usual rules, Edie, even if you are so sadly disappointed.

"However, if I had the money to spare, I would willingly give it to you to buy a new dress for the ball; but just at present I am short of ready cash, and what I am in possession of—only ten pounds—I intend sending to little Gladys Star—Tom Star's widow, you know, who has been left in very destitute circumstances."

Edie's red lip curled.

"You are very kind and considerate, uncle, to tell me that, on the very back of your refusal to advance me what is justly mine.

"I should think if Mrs. Star had survived her widowhood three years without starving to death, she could manage to exist several days longer."

Mr. White looked sternly at Edie's flushed, angry face.

"I supposed you were woman enough to sympathize, else I certainly should not have mentioned the fact that I consider Mrs. Star's wants and needs infinitely more pressing than yours."

As spoke more decisively than Edie had ever known him to do, and she knew he was in dead earnest.

"Very well," she returned coolly; "I am glad Gladys has succeeded so well as to count you one of her friends, of whom there always remains the probability, you know, of something nearer."

A little fierce light shot into the gentleman's eyes.

"Edie—you forgot yourself! Is it possible the loss of a dress to a girl who has a score, can arouse such petty spite?

"Edie, I confess I am surprised."

She laughed a little harshly.

"Your experience among women must be limited, if you have not learned that nothing is so aggravating to most of them as to want a new dress for an occasion, and not get it."

He did not make any answer to her half-sneering, half-conciliatory speech; but he drew his pocket-book from his pocket, and slowly counted out gold to the amount of ten pounds, and laid it on the table.

"Will you take them to Gladys for me, Edie?

"If you once see her destitution, and learn how happy this small charity of mine will make her—I think you will be better satisfied to forego your new dress.

He was pleasant and kind, now—talking of Gladys Star, Edie decided, crossly and with a jealous pang as she looked at the money.

"If you wish it—certainly."

Her uncle would not notice the cool indifference in her voice, but bowed his thanks as gracefully and earnestly as though Edie had signified the most intense delight.

"I am so much obliged. I want to catch the 5.15 train this afternoon, and as I shall not return before next week, this time, you see what a favor you will render both Mrs. Star and myself.

"Your quarterly allowance will be in readiness as usual—the day before I return.

"Don't think too hard of me Edie, child, when you wear an old dress to the ball, and outshine them all, at that."

His compliment, or some other cause, had brought a bright sparkle to her blue eyes; and her cheeks were glowing like pinks when he stooped and kissed her lightly on her forehead, and said "Bye-bye!" cheerily.

But—was it the result of the gallant compliment?

Edie could have told you it was not.

Her uncle's words had fallen unheeded on her ears.

She had no hearing for aught beyond the first part of his remarks, and the words in which he conveyed his intentions were ringing yet in her ears, even after Mr. White was making hurried preparations for a sudden business trip.

The money laid just where he had left it, and Edie's heart throbbed fast, as she took it up, and grasped it in her hot fingers.

It was for Mrs. Star the widow of Uncle Gus's old friend, for pretty Gladys, who had been such a belle once—now sewing for her own and baby's daily bread, in a little pent-up room.

It seemed curious that anybody, even Gladys, whom she knew was poor, was so very poor as to be in actual, suffering demand for what the ten pounds represented.

Certainly Gladys could wait until the next Thursday, Edie's quarter-day.

The temptation was fierce and strong.

The money was in her fingers.

Her uncle never would know if she reserved the amount for two or three days.

She could get a dress for the ball, and give Gladys the money, too, the moment she received her own.

What possible difference could it make?

Would it be wicked?

A wild suffocating throb of her heart, a dazed, whirling feeling in her head, the burning contact of the money and her tight grip.

And then Lane Conway's handsome face passed the window—the face of all faces that Edie admired.

The man she had dreamed of, the one to whom her whole fresh young heart was daily bowing lower and lower in wild adoration.

Mr. Conway bowed.

Then her sparkling blue eyes, with their heavy, golden brows, and long, darker lashes, her glowing cheeks, her sweet, parted mouth, must have made him pause.

"I can guess what makes you so charmingly animated, can't I?"

He leaned on the window-sill, very carelessly and gracefully, and pushed his hat off his forehead—his white, perfect brow, that was such a splendid contrast to his thick, black, half curly hair.

He looked in her eyes very intently.

Edie wondered if it were possible he did care just the tiniest bit for her?

He never had looked quite so eagerly at her.

She didn't know how pretty she looked.

She laughed, showing perfect teeth, as she answered—

"It wouldn't take much skill to come very near the correct answer, I imagine, since all the girls are so delighted as I am over invitations."

"I know you would confess Mrs. Elverston was the source of your satisfaction. You are going, of course?"

Was she going?

See clutched the money tighter, and made no answer.

"Such a question seems ridiculous, I know.

"Of course you will be there, and I have been wondering if you will promise me the first waltz."

His black eyes said a thousand times more than his lips.

There was such promise of bliss in that waltz with him.

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Conway; you may consider the first one yours."

The die was cast.

After that she laughed, and joked, and flirted desperately for fifteen or twenty minutes, wondering once or twice why she wasn't horrified at her decision.

As he went on Lane Conway pointed to her tie—a lovely light mauve silk.

"I like you in violet Miss Edie. It brings out your complexion and hair so perfectly.

"Why don't you always wear it?"

After he had gone, she thought of that over and over, until her ears fairly tingled with exquisite delight.

He liked her in mauve.

What a sweet thought, that he cared enough to notice anything she wore.

And then, pink carnation blooming on her cheeks, and vivid sparkles in her blue eyes, Edie Ellis made up her mind that Gladys Star's money should be invested in a white silk striped grenadine, with sufficient mauve trimming to render her very acceptable in Lane Conway's eyes.

And perhaps when they danced the waltz Mr. Conway would—well, the probability was none the less sweet that it was so remotely uncertain.

* * * * * *

The waltz music was making the cool air of Mrs. Elverston's ballroom fairly vibrate with its witching, sensuous melody.

To Edie Ellis, with Lane Conway's arm around her waist, and his hand holding hers with just a gently suggestive pressure, it was heaven, and the handsome partner at her side its divinity.

She looked her very best in the graceful striped white grenadine, that fitted her to perfection, showing the marble gleam of faultless arms and neck through its shimmery, silky sheenness.

She had on a wide sash, heavy fringed, and knots of ribbon artistically arranged on her dress; and in her golden hair, that hung in loose glossy, waving tresses below her waist, there were narrow, jaunty bows. All the shade Lane Conway admired—that he noticed the moment she entered the room.

He had bit his lip to hide the amused smile, then had instantly set her heart aflutter by going to meet her and telling her how kind she was to remember what he had said.

Edie was deliriously happy for a couple of hours.

She gave not a thought to anything beyond the present—the blissful present, with Lane Conway's arm around her waist, whose light pressure thrilled her from head to foot.

They were talking as they danced, in a low, confidential undertone; trifling nothings, light gossip, but it was all very pleasant.

"You are such a nice little girl," he said, almost abruptly, after a silence of a moment or so.

"You are so sensible, and I think you are the only girl I would tell a secret to—a very important one. May I tell you, Edie?"

He omitted the "Miss" for the first time in his address to her.

"Yes—tell me," she said, softly, with such a quiver through her frame from head to foot.

"It's a love secret, you know, Edie; and there mustn't a soul dream of it.

"So you will appreciate my confidence when I tell you I expect to leave town tomorrow to fulfil my marriage engagement with a Miss Rowe of ——"

Edie gave a little gasp of horrid agony, then drew several long, sobbing breaths.

The room seemed so confused.

"You—you had better let me—stop, please. We went so fast—and——"

"Are you dizzy, Edie?

"I am sorry if I hurried you. Here's a chair."

Edie faltered into it half blind, dazed, hurt with a bitter wound.

Then Uncle White's voice sounded just in her ear, and she caught a glimpse of his deathly pale face, his stern, wrathful eyes, as he fairly blazed upon her.

"Will you come with me at once?"

"Why—what—oh, uncle, what can the matter be?"

He touched her elegant dress with his forefinger.

"You have accomplished this—and Gladys Star's child lies dead in his mother's arms, starved for the lack of what I trusted you to secure."

His voice, low, intense, was a very doom in her horrified eyes.

She sat, in dumb despair, conscious of the utter blankness of everything; only conscious that it all had come to worse than nothing, that Lane Conway was as little to her, yes, less than Gladys Star's dead baby was to its distracted mother.

She realized the awfulness of her sin, her crime, with a keen horror that took away her breath: she raised her eyes—frightfully wild, yet eloquent with a misery of a haunted stag—to Mr. White's set, stern face, where there was no pity, no tenderness.

Then Lane Conway caught her in his arms, her mauve ribbons fluttering in his very face, in horrid mockery of his pitiful triumph.

She has fainted; the room is fearfully close."

And Gustave White silently accepted the theory without a demur; only he knew what had dealt the blow.

* * * * * *

Years afterwards, when a golden-haired girl named "Edie," called Uncle Gus "papa," and Gladys "mamma," Edie Ellis knew she was forgiven—but, of what a fearful misdoing.

The Unloved Wife.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

"THERE she is now. Look, quick."

"Who?"

"Warner Vance's wife. Don't you know, he married her to spite his father for breaking off the match between him and Mrs. Ardenheim? They say he flirts with Mrs. Ardenheim shamefully now, and neglects his wife till his own father won't speak to him."

"I think I do remember about it. Mrs. Ardenheim refused Vance because of something the old gentleman told her, and he in a fit of anger went off to some country place where they had all spent a few months once, and married a girl that hardly knew her right hand from her left, and was as homely as a hedge fence into the bargain. so that is she?"

"They say she is ignorant, but I don't call her so very homely. She has got one of those faces that expression changes wonderfully. Look at her now."

Muriel Vance, leaning upon her husband's arm, was coming slowly down the long and crowded saloon.

At this moment she was looking up at him and smiling at something he was saying.

He was only telling her that she looked better than usual, and he said it coldly, mechanically, his eyes searching the crowd for quite another face than hers, one whose witchery was resistless for him.

But the uninformed little country girl worshipped her handsome, exquisite husband, and he so seldom saw her at all, that it was really something gained to be noticed ever so slightly.

She was slight and dark.

She looked like a young half-grown girl, and was decidedly round-shouldered; but as the speaker just quoted said, expression altered her wonderfully.

She would never be handsome, but she had fine eyes.

Her husband presently disposed her in a convenient window seat and made some excuse to leave her.

Muriel watched him with her heart in her eyes as he moved away.

Then as she heard her own name uttered by the pair already mentioned, they having passed outside, she drew back as much as possible into the shadow, and listened involuntarily while her poor little face blanched slowly, and the happy heart-beats turned to throbs of pain.

"They say he hates her," said one voice.

"I should think he would, though the fault isn't hers, poor thing."

"He was a fool. If he had waited, he might have married this Mrs. Ardenheim. She meant to have him all the while. Anybody can see how fond they are of each other. It's disgraceful."

"If Mrs. Vance is as ignorant as she looks, I don't wonder he hates her. He is a man of such culture, I am sure I don't know which I pity most."

"I don't pity him a particle. Any man who would marry one woman to plague another, or for any reason but the right one, deserves all Warner Vance has got, and more too."

Muriel was too untaught in the world's ways too think how odd it would look for her to go home without speaking to her husband.

She sent for the carriage, therefore, without saying a word to him, and when it had taken her home, ordered it back to wait for him.

Warner Vance had continued to live at his father's for marriage as before, and his wife, when she reached her home, went directly to the apartments of her father and mother-in-law.

Very stately, rather stern old people were they; but though they had been bitterly displeased by their son's rash marriage, Muriel herself had seemed so unconscious, so gentle and modest, so deprecating, that with all her imperfections, the child—she seemed scarcely more than that—had quite grown into favor with them.

They were a little startled out of their stateliness now, when she presented herself with such changed and haggard looks they would scarcely have known her.

"She has discovered now Warner came to marry her," said the old lady to herself, frankly.

Warner's father stifled a groan.

He guessed what was coming too.

They made no attempt however to evade the truth.

All of Muriel's questions they answered in as straightforward a manner as they were put.

She had never guessed the truth.

The little knowledge she possessed had been acquired from novels, and it was only in accordance with that sort of [illegible] but [illegible] rich Warner Vance, [illegible] fallen in love with her that [illegible] he had spent with his parents at [illegible]'s school she was only fifteen then, and as shy and awkward as a girl could be.

It was by no means an unheard of thing, according to the same doubtful authority, that [illegible] suddenly possessed himself after an utter silence of more than a year, and abruptly and with tragic air ask her to marry him.

But she knew all now.

The old people would fain have detained her with them awhile when all was told, but she said no to their entreaties, and awed by a something in her face they had never seen before, they let her kiss them both with grave tenderness and go away.

When Warner Vance came home at last towards morning, he did not miss his wife, or if so, did not care to investigate the mystery.

In the morning he was waked by his father and mother asking him where Muriel was.

Nobody knew.

She had gone and left no trace.

Only Warner Vance found on his dressing-stand a little note addressed to himself, poorly written and badly spelled, and refused savagely to permit any one else to read it.

"It don't tell where she is gone, and the rest don't concern anybody, but me," he said firmly, and thrust it in the breast of his coat.

But when he was alone, he took it out and read it with a thoughtful face and a half-tender look that had never been in his eyes for Muriel herself.

The letter ran as follows—

"MY DEAR WARNER—I am about going away, so you can marry Miss Ardinstinna. I am sorry you hate me, and I hope you won't hate me enny more now. If I could do anything else for you I would. But this is all I can do.

"Your affectionate

"MURIEL."

"Poor little thing," he sighed, as he folded the letter at last, and put it away carefully. "I ought to have been drawn and quartered for marrying you."

Diligent search was made, but without avail.

Even Muriel's own father and mother had no tidings of her.

Warner Vance was very earnest in the matter, as earnest, perhaps, as though he had loved his poor little ignorant wife.

He kept even from Mrs. Ardenheim too much to do her justice, would not have availed herself of the liberty Muriel offered by her ignorant simplicity if it had been possible.

He was man enough not to think of shirking the yoke he had fitted to his own neck.

Somehow the first time he saw Mrs. Ardenheim after Muriel's flitting, she seemed not so charming altogether as usual.

Perhaps it was the easy familiarity with which she discussed matters, the ill-concealed joy she manifested at the event, which she with others supposed must be a source of some relief to him, everything considered.

He had talked a great deal of foolish and wicked nonsense with Mrs. Ardenheim, and found pleasure in it.

It didn't seem like nonsense when he talked it, but it did now.

Mrs. Ardenheim did not know what to make of him.

He showed neither gratification in her smiles nor pique at her coldness, and in the end, he withdrew from her association altogether, and she married an old mariner, who was still enough in her thrall to look at everything in the past with her eyes.

When years passed, and brought no news of Muriel, it was generally supposed that she was dead.

There were various rumors concerning her fate, one was authentic perhaps as another.

Warner Vance meanwhile was a changed man.

He had not loved his simple young wife, but he had fearfully wronged her, and the shock of her leaving him so, her very unselfishness [illegible] which shrouded her strange disappearance, all tended to rouse him from the selfish lethargy into which he had fallen.

In a quiet way, he never ceased to search for her, never quite lost hope.

His father and mother, much as they would have liked to see him married, dare not urge such an event, while there remained the least uncertainty concerning the fate of Muriel.

For himself he thought no woman would ever have power to touch his heart again, but he was mistaken.

Most reluctantly one season he consented to take a part in some private theatricals, which amusement was just then very much the rage.

The play selected was "The Lady of Lyons," and to him was assigned the part of Claude Melnotte.

It was rather a trying position for any man with the least claim to a susceptible nature, for the young lady who played Pauline was a most bewildering creature.

Not strictly beautiful, perhaps, but exceedingly attractive.

Graceful in all her movements, contagiously enthusiastic in all she undertook, she gave to her part an eloquence that thrilled Claude more sensitive at every rendering.

[illegible] his own weakness, Warner Vance did not think of danger until it was too late.

Rehearsing night after night with this singularly attractive girl, each time rendering her Pauline with more eloquent faithfulness, he turned always from the thrilling gaze of those liquid dark eyes in a half intoxication, like a man who has taken just enough wine to make him feel as if he were walking on air.

When all was done, the play played, Warner Vance discovered suddenly that with Pauline out of it, life had become a void.

He had some conscience, however, little as he had behaved like it in his early life, and he would not of himself have sought Miss Clifford (Pauline).

She sent for him upon some plea, trifling in itself, but he could not resist that for an excuse, the temptation of seeing her once more.

He was shocked to behold her, so much had she changed in a brief week, and before the interview terminated, he fancied that he detected the cause of this change in her interest in himself.

His resolution was at once taken, to tell her the truth.

And he did so.

He told her how unconsciously he had learned to love her, and why he could not feel himself free to woo any woman under the circumstances.

Miss Clifford heard, with face averted, but in evident agitation.

At last she turned to him.

"You love me?" she questioned, drooping towards him with irresistible grace, and lifting the dark witchery of her eyes to his.

"Yes, I love you," Warner said, resisting the impulse to clasp her in his arms.

"[illegible] stain in [illegible]

"Warner Vance [illegible]

"[illegible] and [illegible]

"[illegible] of [illegible]

"My [illegible] wife," [illegible] her waist.

He was going on, but Miss Clifford drew from the folds of her dress, where it hung by a chain, a plain gold circlet.

"You did not know that I had been married?" she asked, holding it up.

He was surprised.

"I did not."

"I have run away from my husband, just as your wife did from you."

"Is she living?" Warner questioned huskily.

"Yes. Why don't you ask me why I went?"

Warner did not speak.

He was striving with his agitation.

"I will tell you," she continued. "I went because I thought my husband would be glad to get rid of me, that he might marry another woman.

"I was unjust to him in that. I stayed away to make myself worthy of him.

"I was an ignorant, silly child when he married me.

"I stayed to educate myself in mind and person.

"I meant to come back some time, but I meant that when I did return to him, my husband should love me, if there was any power in woman's witchery to win him.

"You do you know me, Warner?"

"Muriel, oh! Muriel!"

She was sobbing on his bosom with the words, she was clinging about his neck, and crying out the pain and waiting of those brave but weary years.

And he, as he gathered her close—close, and then turned her face from its hiding-place that he might realize it, he said gravely—

"I don't deserve you my darling!" and he meant it.

But the reconciliation was complete, and Muriel was no longer an unloved wife.

THEIR REMEDIES.—Speaking of the alleged discovery in America of an herb called Honggnan, which is claimed to be an infallible antidote for hydrophobia, and all diseases to which humanity is subject, a London paper relates this story: "Twenty years ago, a Chinese doctor, or a barbarian who personated that character, created something like a furore in San Francisco. He prescribed for every disease, at the same time enjoying a strict regimen, without which his medicines would not only fail to cure, but would actually kill. The result was miraculous. Epicures bore with equanimity a sentence of rice water and dry toast, in terror of the Chinaman's medicine working their doom, and ladies who turned day into night recovered when they followed his implicit directions, unconscious, that the physic was simply a means for frightening the patients into obedience to the hygienic appliances which accompanied it. A similar tale is told of the Aconite plant, which cures all or kills those who recklessly abuse its virtues, and the student of folk-lore does not need to be reminded that the identical properties are attributed to all the ordeal drugs which form so prominent a feature in the rude jurisprudence of [illegible]

AN OPEN CONFESSION.—Holcroft, the well-known English dramatist, supped one evening at a friend's. After the cloth had been removed, numerous stories were told among which was one of a gentleman, who having put out his candle on going to bed, read in phosphorescent characters on the wall—"Confess thy sins." The gentleman fell on his knees, and, as expected, began to confess aloud—not from terror, however—for, aware it was a trick to terrify him, devised by a certain waggish young lady in the house, and hearing a little bustle on the stairhead, guessed rightly that she and her companions were there to enjoy his discomfiture. He confessed, as the greatest of his sins, that "he had kissed Miss Jones frequently in the dark," and so turned the tables on his tormentor with a vengeance—a lesson she never forgot.

WHERE TO PLANT TREES.—Bordering highways with shade trees has pecuniary as well as æsthetic profit. Real estate is always more valuable along neatly shaded roads than elsewhere, other things being equal. Set a tree wherever one can grow without interfering with travel or crops. Our forests are being constantly destroyed and the good of the country demands the growing of trees. Set them along walls and permanent fences where they will be out of the way. Plant them in all rocky and sterile places and especially [illegible] sources of creeks and along their banks. One species of forest tree should not be invariably selected. Select those of different habits and sizes. Try to mix them so that they will present a pleasing appearance.

A MAMMOTH GRASSHOPPER.—A Frenchman, while translating an American book, came to a sentence which related that a soldier tied his horse to a locust (tree) standing in front of a house. Looking in the dictionary, he found the word locust to be, in French, "sauterelle," meaning "grasshopper." He therefore used the word "sauterelle" in his translation, thus conveying the idea to his readers that in America grasshoppers were large enough to admit of a horse [illegible] one was at the time conveniently standing by the door.

"Is there a dude club in this [illegible]" asked a stranger, entering the [illegible] room. "There is," returned the editor, as he produced a toothpick from his pocket and laid it on the roll-top desk; "that's it, and the first dude that shows his face in this office will be brained with it." With a deep sigh the stranger turned and disappeared.

Appetite and Digestion.

With few exceptions, the first effects of the new Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, is an improvement in appetite and digestion. A change in the whole personal appearance soon follows. The skin grows clearer, the eyes brighter, the movements more elastic. There is a sense of lightness and comfort. The chest begins to expand and the weight to increase. All the depressed or sluggish functions of the body take on a better action, and there is a gradual return to a more healthy condition. If the Treatment is continued, and the laws of health carefully observed, restoration, unless the physical system is too far broken down, will follow in nearly every case. All desired information in regard to this remarkable Treatment will be furnished by Drs. Starkey & Palen. Write to them, and your communication will get a prompt response.

OF MARRIAGE RITES.

VERY LITTLE IS KNOWN about the habits and customs of the Armenians, a people who, rightly or wrongly, claim to be the most venerable on the face of the earth.

In Mush and other parts of Armenia proper, in lands adjacent to the site of the Garden of Eden, or what is supposed to have been that site, heart and brain receive a rapid development.

It is just as if Nature were afraid of losing this particular type.

In the neighborhood of Mount Ararat, in the valleys where Noah's family sojourned for a time on their way to the various corners of the earth, childhood develops [illegible] manhood almost without transition. [illegible] women before they are dainty, [illegible] they [illegible] their hoe and. It [illegible] Armenian [illegible] young girls play [illegible] children in lieu of dolls, knowing, while thus occupied, that, in all probability, they will become grandmothers at six or seven-and-twenty.

Girls marry at twelve and thirteen, boys [illegible]

A girl who [illegible] at sixteen is likely to remain unmarried all her life, but there are hopes for her till her nineteenth birthday.

After that time her doom is certain. She [illegible] for ever a [illegible] word or useless plant, the Armenian equivalent for the term "old maids."

The ceremony of betrothal is called "Usengan," from the Armenian verb "usel," to ask or solicit.

It consists of a series of three soirees—three evening fetes given by the bride's father to the family and friends of the [illegible]

There is music, dancing, and supper, and above all there is smoking; no Armenian boy, and no Armenian girl, will allow any [illegible] to interfere with the beloved pipe or cigarette.

On the last evening of the three, and towards the closing hours of it, the father of the bride will rise solemnly and say, amidst the assembled guests, "Lo! I have done with this maiden; I will give her to Mr. So-and-so."

Then Mr. So-and-so will rise and say that he gives her to someone else.

And Someone Else will rise and say he gives her to his friend, and his friend to a fourth guest, and so on, till the last of the [illegible] has [illegible] Then [illegible] name, and in the name of the mother, [illegible]

[illegible] gives [illegible] but when [illegible] to the parents [illegible] father will kneel [illegible] bride's mother and the bride's father, similarly [illegible] will kiss the hand of the bride's mother, the bride being led forward in a white veil to kiss the hands of all the parents.

When this is done the priest is brought in, and he, in his robes of ceremony, gives his blessing to the bridal party, the guests joining in a song of jubilee, interrupted by shouts and the drinking of healths (and perhaps also by the prayers and sobs of the gentler sex), thereby bringing the proceedings to a happy termination.

The doors and windows being thrown open, men and women, all more or less ragged, rush in from the street, crying out in every possible tone of voice—

"Bless you! Bless you! Bless you! (exactly three times) Give us our Aghongi-ginien!"

This is the drink money for the poor, the fee for the uninvited, who always attend at wedding feasts.

It is doled out with a certain amount of pleasure, for it is considered a good omen; but it is given with alacrity, for without it the beggars will not leave the house.

When they have departed as they came, through the windows and doors, the bride-[illegible] [illegible] her a golden ring, called a ghongab (pledge of truth), the party breaking up with [illegible] of stirrup cup, of which all the guests partake in turn.

Now it is not absolutely necessary that persons betrothed to each other shall meet or see each other, or even, for that matter, that they shall be personally acquainted; nay, it is not even necessary that they shall [illegible]

The husband and wife of the future may be betrothed before they are born, and the Armenians have special rites for such betrothals.

Two married women, looking forward to a certain interesting event, which is likely to take place more or less simultaneously in both families may, if they wish it, betroth their offspring to each other before legal witnesses, and the formula with run somewhat as follows:

"I, Anna (let us say) do solemnly promise that my son, if a son, or my daughter, if a daughter, shall marry your [illegible] or your son, as the case may be, provided that [illegible] live to a marriageable age."

And the other contracting party shall say: "I [illegible] do hereby [illegible] solemnly accept the hand of your son or your daughter as the husband or the wife of my child, as the case may be, God willing, and the bride and bridegroom being in perfect health."

After which the two mothers will await in peace the fulfilment of their desires, and the newborn babes, if boy and girl, will be blessed by the priest, [illegible] that at the twain being fully as binding as if they themselves had been parties to it.

Our Young Folks.

"HELM-A-LEE."

BY R. RICHARDSON.

THE good ship Boomerang, clipper-barque, was seven days out from London, bound for Sydney.

After encountering roughish weather in the Channel, she was making good headway through a comparatively calm sea, with a steady wind on her quarter.

Most of the passengers had got their sea-legs by this time, and were to be seen pacing the quarter-deck, or seated under the lee of the skylights.

The captain stood near the companion-ladder, and watched the wind with one eye, and the main-top-gallant-sail with the other.

Presently the captain's attention was diverted from this occupation by a sound of voices and hurrying feet aft.

Glancing around he saw a number of the sailors approaching, headed by the second officer.

Then he saw something else that astonished him a good deal.

The officer and a sailor were leading between them a boy, whose appearance was a sight of wonder and pity.

The little knot of sailors paused in front of the captain, and in a few moments all of the passengers on deck were crowded by, with curious faces.

"What in the name of wonder is this, Feltgate?" asked the captain, fixing his gaze on the strange-looking object trembling at the officer's side.

The captain's expression of astonishment was certainly warranted.

Anything less like a human creature, and yet not mistakable for anything else, it would be hard to conceive.

There could be little doubt that it was a boy, but surely there never was a boy so thin, miserable, and woe-begone.

Furthermore, he was hatless, shoeless, coatless, almost shirtless, for the ragged garment that clothed the upper part of his body was more like a tattered flag on a sinking wreck than anything else.

The boy looked to be about twelve years old, but in his present condition it was difficult to guess his age.

"Stowaway," said the officer, in answer to the captain.

"I might have guessed that much," said the captain, gruffly; "well, what's to be done with him? He doesn't look up to much at present, anyhow."

"Give him a square meal first thing, Captain Jackson," said one of the passengers, an American.

"Yes, that's about what's the matter with him. Take him aft, Mr. Feltgate, and get him fed and washed, and see if you can find something fit for him to wear.

"He's such an insignificant slip of a youngster, that none of the apprentices' togs will fit him by miles."

The knot of sailors now moved aft again, and the passengers began to discuss among themselves this new, small excitement, the first that had occurred to break the monotony of the voyage.

As Mr. Feltgate led the boy toward the forecastle, a sailor drew near, and, touching his cap, said:

"I'll look to the lad, sir, and see as he's made ship-shape."

"All right, Bayliss; you'll do as well as anybody. If you take the young shaver under your wing, so much the better for him. He looks as if he'd be none the worse for some one's patronage."

Quartermaster Bayliss now took the boy by the hand, and led him to the sailors' quarters in the forecastle.

There he was washed, fed, and provided with some rough but sufficient clothing which Bayliss contrived so to manipulate that they at least covered the boy's nakedness, and kept him warm.

After these good offices had been done for the little waif, he looked almost like a new creature.

Bayliss rigged up a hammock for the boy near his own bunk.

During his watch he had a chance to talk with him.

"Fust place, what's yer name, lad?" he asked.

"Benjamin Fielding Hope," answered the boy quietly.

"Whew! that a three-decker name for such a bit o' a dingy. Well, now, let's ha' your history, Benjamin Fielding Hope, and don't make it as long in proportion as your name."

The boy told his story as briefly as he could, and a sad and miserable enough one it was.

He had had a good mother, but she was dead two years past.

His father was a drunkard, who, in his fits of intoxication, had beaten and ill-used his son, so that he was sometimes in danger of his life.

When sober he cared not what became of the lad.

Little Ben's life had become a misery to him, and, at last, after an outbreak on his father's part of unusual violence, he ran away.

"I didn't care what became of me. I haven't been happy scarce a day since poor mother died.

"And so I skulked around the docks waitin' for a chance, an' at last I managed to slip into the ship among some bales an' things, without bein' seen, and stowed myself away.

"I've been close on starved, master, an' I doubt if I could ha' held out a day longer. But it wasn't worse nor father's, anyways," the boy concluded.

"Well, ye've had a hard time o't, lad and I don't blame 'ee for running off.

"Now see here, stowaways ain't held in much account as a gen'ral rule, but our skipper's not a hard sort, or the officers neither.

"If you behave yourself well you'll mebbe find you've not made a change for the worse—you couldn't well do that anyway.

"Now I'm going to stand you friend, Ben, if ye'll be a good lad, an' I'll tell 'ee why."

Bayliss drew Ben close to him, and with a singularly gentle motion placed his hand on his head, and put back the rough curly hair from the boy's brow.

"Do ye know why I've taken to 'ee so suddent like? No, in course ye don't; but I'll tell 'ee.

"It's because ye remind me, first moment I set eyes on ye, o' a little brother I once had.

"He were the youngest o' six, an' I were the eldest. They're all gone, one after the other, and he an' I and th' old feyther were left alone, an' I loved the bit lad 'fore all the world, an' I looked for'ard to the time when he and I should sail i' the same ship together, an' I could look after him and 'fend him from all harm.

"But the Almighty willed it otherwise, and little Dan followed the rest, an' the daisies are blowin' above them all in th' old churchyard, an' on'y me an' the old feyther's left.

"An' you feature little Dan, lad, as we say in the north country, an' my heart warms to 'ee.

"Ye have the same big soft eyes like the stars, about the line, and the same broad forehead, on'y his hair were golden and yours is dark.

"I'll stand your friend, Ben, first for the dead lad's sake, and then belike for your own sake. Ben, you'll be a good steady lad, an' do me and yourse'f credit, won't 'ee? Gi's your hand on't, boy."

Ben placed his small thin hand in Bayliss's big brown palm.

"You're awful good, sir," he said with glistening eyes, his voice shaking a little. "An' I'll do as you bid me, in everythink. P'raps I can help you somehow.

"I can read an' write a bit. I went to a night school when mother was alive, an' afore father took to drink he taught me a bit.

"Father warn't just a common man, ye see; he knew a heap o' fine things when he was sober," said Ben, with a faint sense of pride in his father's cleverness.

"There's suthin' about a mouse helpin' a lion, somewhere; belike that'll be the case wi' you and me, Ben," said Bayliss, with a smile that wrinkled all his weather-beaten visage, little knowing how much of prophecy there was in his words.

Never was a promise better kept than Bayliss's in regard to Ben.

He took the lad under his immediate protection, and befriended him like an elder brother.

Ben on his part set himself on his part, set himself diligently to become as useful on board the ship as his strength and ability would allow.

He made himself serviceable in a general way to a great many different people—to the stewards in the saloon and to the cook in the gallery, to the passengers, the officers, and even to the captain.

To Mark himself Ben was devoted, and would have served him hand and foot.

The quartermaster found time to teach the boy much in regard to the sea and navigation, and Ben soon learned all the usual nautical terms.

Then Bayliss taught him how to box the compass.

The two would sit in the forecastle of a night, whenever they had a spare half-hour together, and with a seaman's chest for a table, and a scrap of paper and a pencil, Ben made diagrams of the compass, writing down all the points, under Mark's instruction and supervision.

Lastly, Mark taught Ben how to steer a ship, or at least the elements of that art. As a quartermaster, of course it fell regularly to Mark to take his turn at the wheel and he was thus able in fine calm weather especially, when the ship almost steered herself, to give Ben a good general notion of how a vessel is governed by her helm.

Very fine weather but light winds, accompanied the ship until she got pretty far south.

The continued light winds made progress slow, and the captain was getting impatient, as the best of captains are apt to do under these circumstances.

Then winds sprang up that took the vessel rapidly south, and it soon became high time that she was making more for the east.

But instead of the wind changing to a quarter more favorable to this end, it only increased in strength, and the Boomerang was drifted farther and farther out of her course—farther and farther south.

The weather became exceedingly cold, and still the wind increased in violence.

The men worked night and day, for the wind was constantly shifting, though never in the right direction, and some change in the sails was continually required.

It happened that the Boomerang was rather short-handed, several seamen who had been engaged for the voyage having failed to come at the last moment.

The strain upon the crew at a time like this was consequently very severe, and by-and-by the men showed symptoms of flagging.

Two or three were completely overdone, and were unable to keep their watch on deck.

This threw more labor still on the rest. Among the most untiring and energetic of the seamen was Mark Bayliss.

In a crisis like the present, it was Mark's way never to spare himself—to work up to the very limit of his strength and power.

The weather grew more and more stormy, and at last rose to a hurricane.

For three days and nights together the captain never quitted the deck, every man on board, including the stewards and the male passengers, took their turn at the ropes, and all worked as men work in times of danger at sea, without distinction of rank or degree.

At last the storm reached a climax and spent its force, and the Boomerang came out of her close wrestle with wind and wave buffeted and disabled, her main-top-gallant-mast and one or two spars carried away, but hull-whole and water-tight.

Then the wind fell rapidly, and comparatively calm weather succeeded.

The ship was now far out of her course, and much farther south than she should have been.

The cold was very great, there were several snowfalls, and icebergs were expected to be seen daily.

Considering the latitudes the ship was in, it was a little wonderful that none had yet been sighted.

But the captain was thankful that such was the case, for to fall among icebergs would have been a new peril.

Presently, to the joy of on all board, the wind shifted to a more favorable quarter, and the Boomerang was once more making her right course, headlong nor'-east.

It was two nights after that on which the storm had abated.

The sea was quiet again, the wind light but steady, the night moonless, only a few stars shed a faint light over sky and ocean.

Mark Bayliss was at the wheel, and it was the captain's watch on deck.

Ben was standing amidships, leaning over the taffrail.

He was waiting for Mark to have a rest, as he often did.

The night was so comparatively still and calm after the conflict through which the vessel had just passed, that the whole ship seemed, as it were, lulled into a sense of security.

Ben saw the captain presently pass into his cabin, which was built on deck, in the stern of the vessel.

All seemed safe and right on deck, and the captain had probably gone to take ten minutes' rest, for he was still much in need of sleep.

He had not been more than a couple of minutes absent, when Ben, casting his eyes forward, saw a strange sight.

In front of the ship on the starboard bow, he beheld a huge dark mass loom suddenly out of the gloom, and tower into the night, vast and vague.

The vessel's lights glimmered faintly on the vast, mysterious object, that seemed even as Ben gazed, to be threatening at that moment to fall upon the vessel, and bury her in the sea.

"Helm-a-lee!" came ringing in a loud and startled cry from the look-out man.

The cry set all Ben's astonished senses keenly alert again.

He glanced swiftly towards Mark Bayliss at the wheel.

He saw him standing motionless in his place, gasping the wheel, but making no movement to obey the look-out man's signal.

In a maze of doubt and fear, Ben rushed along the deck, and reached Mark's side. Still Mark made no change in his position, and Ben gazing in his face, saw that he was fast asleep.

"Helm-a-lee!" The cry rang in Ben's ears like a death-cry.

The boy seized the helm from Mark's unconscious hands, exerted all his strength in one great effort and the wheel spun round. The vessel paused a moment, then her head swerved off to larboard, and Ben saw a huge dark mass sweep past, and thought that it grazed the ship's mainyard. In a few moments after it was out of sight, swallowed up in the enclosing night.

Ben felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and Mark's voice sounded in his ear.

"I saw it, lad, an' I know what's happened. It were an iceberg, an' you ha' saved two hundred souls from sudden an' dreadful death this night. I was fast asleep lad, that I was. I over-reckoned my own strength and endurance. I must ha' been fair worn out and spent for sleep by the past week we've gone through, and, wi'out knowing it I've fa'en fast asleep where I stood. Words is vain to thank ye for what ye've done to-night. It sends the blood fro' my heart to think o' the peril o't. Bless ye for ever, lad."

* * * * * * *

The Boomerang now made steady progress on her right course.

Favorable winds sped her swiftly towards her destination, and she reached Sydney, having made not a much longer voyage than usual.

No one on board, save Mark and Ben, ever know how great a peril had threatened the vessel.

It was not necessary—could serve no good end—that they should know.

That was the last voyage Mark Bayliss made.

On arriving at Sydney he put in execution a purpose he had had for some time in view.

He had saved some money, and with this he purchased a boat, and established himself on the shores of Sydney Harbor as a fisherman.

Some months later he was joined by his father from England, an old man, but still hale and hearty.

Ben still lives with Mark Bayliss and his father, helping the former materially in his calling—a younger brother to him, and a son to the old man.

LOOKING FOR A SIGN.

HUMAN nature everywhere and in all ages, has been prone to see signs whereby to tell the future, and the American negro of to-day is no whit behind his fellows in less enlightened Africa.

With them the crowing of a hen at midnight is a sure sign of death.

If a rooster retires to his roost with a hoarse voice and crows in an unusual manner, it is regarded as the voice of a hen, and if any one about the place is sick, preparations are frequently made for his funeral.

If a luckless hen should at any time make an attempt at crowing, her head is instantly cut off to prevent the death of some person. In connection with this class of universal birds the negroes recite the following couplet:

"De whistlin' woman an' de crowin' hen
Nebber comes to any good end."

Frogs and particularly toads, play an important part in Southern superstition. The hearts of ten toads made into a stew, will cause the effects of conjuration. The hind legs hung over the fire-place one week before Christmas will bring plenty of food and presents, and the large eyeballs of a water-frog or "blood noun," as they are called, worn as a breastpin will keep his satanic majesty at a respectful distance from the wearer.

The weird jack o' lanterns which bob up in the bogs of the South during dark nights are regarded as ghostly apparitions, and are supposed to indicate the presence of ghostly spooks.

The average plantation negro or white will dash wildly towards home on the appearance of a jack o' lantern anywhere near him.

Indeed, it is a very difficult matter to get one of the above class out of doors after sunset.

The first appearance of frost is anxiously looked for, and its pretty formations eagerly scanned.

The glistening pictures must be observed when the sun rises.

The silver pictures thus seen in the first frosts of the season are regarded as illustrations of your fate.

A coffin means death; flowers, a wedding; money, riches; birds, long life; and stars, sickness.

The approach of a coon or 'possum coming toward your home in the daytime is a very bad omen.

It is also regarded as a bad sign to kill an even number of those animals, and if upon the reassembling of a party after a moonlight hunt it is found that an even number has been bagged, the party will hunt for hours to capture or kill another animal, and thus make the number odd.

Plenty of rabbits in the stubble and surrounding fields indicate a large and healthy crop next season.

A white crow is a harbinger of death and disease, and the appearance of one of these birds in a neighborhood will cause the entire negro population to turn out with their old muskets, and the luckless white crow is killed if possible. If it is killed the belief is that sickness will prevail but no deaths will result from such sickness.

Crows in large numbers are a good sign, therefore their lives are sacred to the plantation hands, who feel deeply aggrieved if one of these birds is killed.

Thunder and lightning during the winter means that the devil is abroad on the earth, and it inevitably causes devout negroes to pray and sing.

The weird and unearthly hooting of the owl, from its lofty perch at the top of a sighing pine tree, reverberating and echoing through the gloomy forest and out over the surrounding marshes, is regarded as the announcement of the presence of ghosts. When the hooting is heard the pickaninnies gather close about the old gray-haired sire before the blazing hearthfire, and listen to his narrative of how "de 'haunts' am walkin' about in de woods wid dere white sheets an' pointing hands."

CHINESE SUPERSTITION.—The absence of all surgical attendance in the field, says an exchange, does not add to the satisfaction of service in the Chinese army. The theory advanced to explain this brutality is not so much a callous indifference to human life as a superstition, akin to that of "the peculiar people," who refuse all medical advice to their children. The man who gets a bad wound is regarded as one whom the gods mean to die. For a like cause the Chinese are reluctant to rescue the drowning.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel on 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If en route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

QUESTIONING.

BY MORLEY.

What is it I have lost—what precious thing
Wherefor I day by day go sorrowing,
  Which made of ev'ry day the fairest part?
What has slipped noiseless from my life's account
That was of all my life's best life the fount
  And subtle essence? Tell me, O my heart!
Something there was, and what I cannot tell,
  Something that somewhere lieth, cold and still,
That used with silent strength mould all things well,
  That now, being dead, all things must needs go ill.

It was the salt of Life, which being gone,
All Life hath lost its savor, and flows on,
  A dreary round of dulness day by day.
It was Life's color, blue and rose and gold,
Its glow of blossom: now the world grows old,
  And dons no garb but robe of ashen gray.
The very air told of it in past times:
  From azure skies it shone with silent cheer;
Bees humaned of it in honey-breathing limes,
  Birds sang, trees rustled—now 'tis no more here!

What is it that I miss? Canst tell, O sea?
Canst tell, wild wind, blown o'er the brine to me?
  What is it in this altered world I lack?
Something that gave the flavor of Life's food,
The sparkle of its wine—some unseen good,
  Unthought of till Life fails to win it back.
What was the spirit's name? In very ruth,
  It might return, could I but loudly call.
Which shall I cry on? Love, or Hope, or Truth,
  Or Youth, in losing which we lose these all?

WHAT TIME IS IT?

THE Roman method of reckoning time, before the reform of Julius Cæsar (B. C. 46), was briefly as follows:

Like all primitive nations they reckoned originally by moons; and, when they wished for a larger measurement of time, they grouped ten months into a year.

The earliest Roman year was decimal, beginning with March and ending with December, the tenth month.

It was easy, then, to see that it took about twelve moons to make a natural or solar year, and they added the two months of January and February.

But, seeing that the twelve moons did not make quite a year, they found it necessary to lengthen them, and thus bring the calendar year into correspondence with the solar year.

The months by this ceased to be moons; but many of the divisions and usages which belonged to the lunar month were retained when it had ceased to have any connection with the phases of the moon.

Even with this additional number of days, however, the twelve months, by some miscalculation, still fell short of the required time.

The old superstition, that there is luck in odd numbers, led them to make their months of twenty-nine and thirty-one days respectively; and unfortunately they made but four months of thirty-one days—March, May, July and October; the rest (except February) received twenty-nine each, and each year was still short by ten days.

But even worse than the reckoning of the months themselves was the method of reckoning the days of the month.

The month was divided into three unequal periods by three fixed points—the Kalends, or days of the new moon; the Nones, five or seven days later; and the Ides, or full-moon day.

From these fixed points they reckoned backward—always dropping one day, however, in the counting, so that they said, for example, the Ides, the day before the Ides, the third day before the Ides (instead of the second), and so on. These three divisions, as has been said, were unequal.

The Roman week, consisting of eight days, a nundinum, each month containing three full weeks and a few days over. The first two of these, counting backward, were taken together, so that the Ides, or full-moon days, always (except in February) came sixteen days before the Kalends of the following month; the Nones again, came eight days before the Ides; there remained, therefore only four or six days for the space between the Kalends and the Ides.

Thus, in the thirty-one-day-months—March, May, July, October—the Ides came upon the 15th, and the Nones upon the 7th; in the other months they fell upon the 13th and 5th respectively.

This division of the month belongs, it is evident, to the very earliest times, when the month was really a moon.

When the new moon was seen for the first time, the king summoned the people to the capitol, where he announced to them the length of the first subdivision of the coming month, five or seven days:

"Five days (or seven days) I call thee, crescent Juno!"—Juno being here the goddess of the new moon, and the day of calling—the Kalends—being sacred to her.

On the day thus announced—the Nones—the people were assembled again to hear the announcement of the festivals and business days of the remainder of the month.

When the months came to have names and definite lengths, so that they no longer corresponded with the phases of the moon, the Kalends were, of course, no longer determined by actual observation, but by calculation.

Still, however, the practice of making the announcements upon the Kalends and Nones was kept up; and when the republic was established, and the city no longer had a king at its head, a special priest was appointed for life, called King of Sacrifices—Rex Sacrorum—whose duty it was, among other things, to make these announcements.

Besides the Kalends, Nones, and Ides, which came upon fixed days of the month, there was a weekly market-day, once in eight days, called Nundinæ, which might, of course, fall upon any festival or business day.

And the days that were not occupied by festivals—feriæ—were assigned to the holding of public assemblies, dies comitiales, or of courts of law, dies fasti.

The festivals themselves varied at different epochs. At first care was taken not to have them fall on two successive days; but they were gradually increased in number and duration until many occupied a week or more, and the year was almost filled with them.

Grains of Gold.

Little minds are vexed with trifles.

No man is wise or safe but he that is honest.

A cupful of wind is better than no wind at all.

The absurd man is the man who never changes.

There is more of self-love than love in jealousy.

He who sows brambles must look well to his shoes.

Give neither counsel nor salt until you are asked for it.

Cease repining; behind the clouds is the sun still shining.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of hopes and delusions.

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.

Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws.

Poverty may excuse a shabby coat, but it is no excuse for shabby morals.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Men may preach, and the world will listen; but profit comes by example.

There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time.

The independent man is always thought more of than the most subservient.

Unbecoming forwardness oftener proceeds from ignorance than impudence.

A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another which he was never sensible of in himself.

The effect of no man's sins terminates with himself; often he involves others in his own ruin.

The consciences of bad men, if you could get them to speak, would often be on the good man's side.

Know thy work and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world—an idle man.

One distinguishing mark of man's steady advancement is the increasing vigor of his warfare against evil.

There is nothing lower than hypocrisy. To profess friendship, and not enmity, is a sure proof of total depravity.

The more self is indulged the more it demands, and, therefore, of all men, the selfish are the most discontented.

When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmuring of the brook and the rustling of the corn.

Few things are necessary to make a wise man happy. Nothing contents a fool, and this is why many men are miserable.

A wise man looks upon men as he does upon horses; all their caparisons of title, wealth and place he considers but as harness.

We must necessarily live in the element we create around us. Then, to be happy ourselves, we must make those around us happy.

It is easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth, than one intrepid enough in the face of opposition to stand up for it.

Femininities.

A Pittsburg writer proposes to put a revenue tax on female beauty.

The women who sailed with Noah during the flood were the first Ark angels.

Mrs. Hannah Simon, of Newark, N. J., recently celebrated her 94th birthday by walking for ten minutes.

It makes a married man mad to pay twenty-seven dollars for a bonnet that he has to look at twice to see.

Among the wives of Utah there may be found, it is said, women from nearly every nation except France.

A Detroit girl, in order to keep her lover up to his promise, always introduces him as "my intended husband."

A Chinaman in New York wants a divorce from his English wife. She has deserted him for another wearer of a pig-tail.

A fashion magazine asks: "What will the coming woman wear?" That depends largely on what income the coming man makes.

A new book is entitled, "What Can a Woman Do?" An answer to the question can be found by asking most any bald-headed man.

A complaining Chicagoan in his suit for divorce, declares that his wife has made everything hot for him in his married life except his tea and coffee.

The champion woman pedestrian is said to be Mrs. Hannah Barnes, who has just reached Milwaukee after a tramp of 300 miles on foot, carrying her 14-months-old child.

An exchange says there are always more women than men in an insane asylum. It didn't seem to have time to look up the statistics, and explain who sends them there.

Robert Laird Collier writes that "women who dress for church, do not dress to please the Lord." No one said they did. They usually dress to make some other woman mad.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

A young lady who lately received a bouquet of roses, was somewhat amused to find the donor's visiting card attached to it, and written on the wrong side these words: Not to exceed $5.

Enjoyment: Charming young lady—Oh, I had such a lovely time with Grace this afternoon; we were so delighted to see each other that we both talked so fast that the other couldn't get in a word!

A Paris paper makes, "under all reserve," the statement that a prince of the blood, a near relative of one of the pretenders to the French throne, has just secretly married his—housekeeper.

Love works miracles every day—such as weakening the strong, and strengthening the weak; making fools of the wise, and wise men of fools; favoring the passions, destroying reason, and, in a word turning everything topsy-turvy.

The other day a lady (a very pretty woman) was seen driving in the park with a hat that was nothing more nor less than a great bronze spider and its web—the latter, of course, forming the brim. The effect, although peculiar, was not so bad.

A young lady who vowed she'd wear her lover's kisses on her lips until he should come and take them again after his journeyings, survived her sufferings long enough to bestow them on a responsible third party with a stout bank account.

"John," said a fond little wife, enthusiastically pointing out to her husband a little store in a fashionable street. "When you die, I'm going to take the life-insurance money and start in the millinery business there."

An acute observer has discovered that "an umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage, as a matter of course."

"I understand, Professor, that you are opposed to admitting women to a college course." "That is my position exactly." "Have you any objection to giving your reasons?" "None in the least; they are all embraced in one." "What is that?" "I married a lady with a collegiate education."

A Japanese woman dresses her hair once in every four days. The luxury of hearing one's wife, with the ends of her hair in her teeth, and her mouth full of hairpins, talking about the kitchen-boiler in the morning before the mirror, is never enjoyed by the Japanese husband more than twice a week.

The Chicago druggist who, by mistake, gave a woman fifteen grains of morphine, when her prescription called for that amount of quinine, is not the first specimen of his kind. One can never be certain that the doctor's prescription, as he writes it, will cure, nor that, as the apothecary fills it, it will not kill.

An Easter egg was made by a Parisian house for a present to a very wealthy Spanish lady, at a cost of $4,000. It was formed of white enamel. On the inside was engraved the gospel for Easter Day, and by some ingenious mechanism, a little bird lodged in this dainty cage sang twelve airs from as many popular operas.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, now a resident of Canterbury, claims to have been born April 6, 1762, among the White Mountains. She never had a doctor for a disease in her life, and worked every day until she was 95. Even now she takes a short walk every day, and does odd things around the house. Her greatest comfort is her pipe, which she smokes continuously.

Fair Parisiennes, with whom money is no object, and who aspire to everything that is pschut diversify the flowers they wear according to the time of day. In the morning, from 8 to 11 or 12, violets are the correct blossoms; from 2 to 5, mimosa is all the rage; hyacinths or primroses are considered dinner wear, and at dances, soirees—and, in fact, after 11 at night, gardenias, Cape heaths, white lilac or roses are permissible.

News Notes.

Mr. Turnipseed has been elected mayor of Salesville, O.

All the United States Senators but two wear spectacles.

Dakota expects to receive 100,000 emigrants this year.

A paper chimney 50 feet high has lately been put up at Breslau.

New York claims to have more than a thousand female speculators.

The Cherokee chief, Bushyhead, has been through the scarlet fever lately.

English shooting clubs have killed 697,000 pigeons in the past five years.

At least 350,000 head of cattle will be driven North from Texas this year.

At a baby-show in Massachusetts a bright-eyed colored baby gained the prize.

Boston is holding "chocolateres"—church sociables where chocolate is the refreshment.

Last year there were 1517 murders in the United States, 96 legal executions, and 1115 men were lynched.

A camel can carry a ton, and 20 pounds of hair, worth $2.50 a pound, may be sheared from his body every year.

A man at Oconee, Ga., who obtained judgment for $1200 in a lawsuit, had just $75 left after settling with his lawyers.

In New York some of the Chinese have given up the laundry business and gone to farming, which they say pays better.

Public story-tellers still earn a good livelihood in India. In Tokio alone over 400 of these improvisatores ply their trade.

The office continues to seek the man at Calhoun, Ga., where there is a vacant marshalship ($920 per annum) and no takers.

A Springfield, Ill., watch factory employs 1200 hands, and sends out about 300 watches a day, making a total of about 150,000 a year.

A new process in shot-making does away with the tall towers. A strong current of air is forced on the lead as it falls into the water.

Hon. Simon Cameron's motto: "Never make a promise without trying to fulfill it. Always remember a favor and endeavor to reciprocate."

In the number of books published, Germany is said to lead, having during 1882 printed more than the United States and Great Britain combined.

In Georgia carp ponds are very numerous, each county having on an average about twenty-two. The total number in the state is about three thousand.

Chicago people are entertaining themselves with pronunciation matches gotten up on the same principle as the spelling bees of four or five years ago.

James McDermott, who is now a hale man of 80 years, visits nearly every day the office of the Washington *Reporter*, on which he set type 80 years ago.

The annual yield of the average cow is 480 gallons, and as there are 15,000,000 milch cows in the United States, we have 4,750,000,000 gallons of milk a year.

According to Mr. Walter Besant's statistics, novels constitute nine-tenths of the books read in England and nineteen-twentieths of the books read in the world.

Suicides are increasing in France. Last year's statistics show that the number of women who died by their own hand was one-third more than the number for 1882.

Boston has a baby show, which is unique in that the prizes are not all for the prettiest and best babies. Some of the testimonials are reserved for big ears and bald heads.

Having lost his nose, a Norwegian residing on Greenwich street, New York, advertised for the same the other day. It is made of silver, with steel spring fastenings.

The Dakota newspapers are busily booming the Dakota boom. They say that Dakota will raise about 45,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, against 18,000,000 last year.

A vessel which arrived in New York a few days ago reports having, while off the coast, passed through great shoals of mackerel, extending over a distance of fifty miles.

The black poodle is again becoming fashionable in England. These animals, to be in correct style, must have their hair shaved into knots and knobs, and rendered generally hideous.

Among the inventions recorded in the Patent Office is one styled a "life-saving coffin." It is so arranged that any motion by a person accidentally buried alive is registered above ground.

A San Francisco woman is said to have secured an unmolested hearing of opera in that city without paying therefor, by threatening to "holler fire" if attempts were made to remove her.

Near Hopner, Oregon, recently, Al Weir, a herder, laid down to sleep and tied the rope of his saddle horse to his wrist. The horse became frightened, ran away, and dragged Weir to his death.

A man was discovered recently, near Pittsburg, on the truck of a car, between the wheels and floor, in which position he had ridden a distance of four hundred miles. When found he was almost dead.

A Portland, Me., jury had to be provided with a dozen copies of "David Copperfield," recently, in order to estimate in a libel suit the amount of damages the plaintiff had sustained in being compared to Uriah Heep.

The very simple remedy of holding the head down parallel with the knees, is given by an exchange as an excellent means of removing cinders from the eyes. It must be done as soon as the spark is felt, and under no circumstances should the eye be rubbed.

The Pretty Servant.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"THAT will do, Lita," said Mrs. Redfold. "Take away the coffee-cups and the tray. I will ring if I want you any more."

"What a very pretty little parlor maid you have, Mrs. Redfold," said her visitor, when Lita Vaux had fluttered softly out of the room with the gilded tray and the two decorated coffee-cups.

Mrs. Redfold leaned luxuriously back in her blue silk easy chair, puffed, and fringed and hung with azure tassels.

"She is pretty and handy, and helps with the fine washing and ironing, and linen-mending, and all that sort of thing," said the lady.

"She has got a face like one of the Madonnas of Raphael," said Mrs. Foxley.

"Yes, that's just it," said Mrs. Redfold. "I'm afraid she's above her station; I've found her once reading the books when she ought to have been dusting them—and it was only last week that I found her in tears on the stairs; when Maude Akerley was singing one of her pathetic little Scotch ballads.

"Of course I forbade her to open one of the books again, and gave her to understand that high tragedy on the staircase was no part of her duties.

"Walter thought I was too sharp with her but one has to keep up to a certain standard in these affairs."

Mrs. Foxley elevated her brows.

"Walter!" said she.

"Upon my word, now I come to think of it, it is a little dangerous, isn't it, to have such a pretty little servant girl in the same house with a susceptible young man? Suppose he should fall in love with her?"

Mrs. Redford drew herself up slightly.

"Quite out of the question, Mrs. Foxley," said she.

Mrs. Foxley smiled.

"It's the same old story of King Cophetua and the beggar girl, that we have had in different variations, ever since the world began," she said.

"However, I daresay Mr. Walter is too conventional to allow his thoughts to stray in any such direction."

"Horrid thing!" said Mrs. Redford to herself, as she stood at the window watching the voluminous folds of Mrs. Foxley's silk sweep into her carriage, ere she drove away.

"She never would have thought of such a thing if she hadn't wanted Walter for that red-haired, freckled niece of hers. But all the same, it would, perhaps, be as well if Lita Vaux were not quite so pretty."

She rang the bell sharply, and reproved the little handmaid for the dust on a certain *marqueterie* table that stood in the bay window.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Lita, with the faint color coming and going on her cheek, "but I wiped the table with great care, this morning. It's the dust, ma'am from the street."

"Be silent, Lita!" said her mistress, angrily, "I will not allow of any discussion on the subject."

She watched the trembling and abashed girl as she made haste to obey her behests.

Yes, Lita was dangerously pretty, with soft, chestnut-brown hair, full of fleeting, auburn lights, lovely hazel eyes, and cheeks all dimples and roses; one of those flower-like, delicate creatures who seem out of place among the workers of the world.

"I almost think I had better get rid of her," said Mrs. Redford, uneasily to herself. "Upon the whole, I believe I will avail myself of the first excuse I can find to make a change."

So the next day, when Mrs. Redford was looking over her elegant illustrated edition of Dickens' works, she was not as sorry as she might otherwise have been, to find one volume missing.

She pulled the bell at once; and Lita knew from the quick, nervous character of the ring in the habitation that something was wrong in the upper regions, and hastened upstairs with a palpitating heart.

"Lita," said Mrs. Redford, sternly, "you have been disobeying me again about these books."

Lita looked bewildered.

"I don't understand you, ma'am," said she.

Mrs. Redford frowned.

"I hate hypocrisy," she said. "You do understand me, Lita. You have been reading these books again, and one volume is gone: bring it to me at once, or——"

Lita clasped her hands wildly together.

"Oh, what shall I say, ma'am, to make you believe me?" she gasped. "But I have never opened a book in this parlor since you reproved me for doing so three weeks ago."

But all poor Lita's vehement assevérations were in vain, and in less than half an hour she found herself in the streets, hurrying vaguely, she knew not whither, her eyes blinded by tears her head hot and throbbing.

"To accuse me of stealing! Me!" she repeated, over and over again to herself, as if that great fact blotted out all others in her eyes.

And still she hurried on—on—on.

"Lita, where are you going?" said a kindly voice.

She found her course stemmed, as it were, by a tall, stately figure, and, through her tears, she recognized the frank blue eyes, and kindly face of her mistress's son.

"Oh, Mr. Walter, you won't believe it of me, at least," she cried hysterically; "you—you know that I would never steal."

He looked steadfastly at her, for a moment, and then drew her aside under the shelter of a neighboring archway.

"Now tell me all, Lita. My mother has turned you out of doors—you that were so good.

"Tell me all."

She told him with tears and sobs.

"What shall I do Mr. Walter?" she asked simply.

"Where shall I go? I make bold to ask of you because you were always so kind to me."

"Lita," said he, "did it ever occur to you that I was fond of you—that I loved you, Lita?"

She looked at him a moment, then snatched her arm away from his, with glittering eyes and scarlet cheeks.

"Mr. Walter, you must not speak so to me.

"It is not right."

"Lita, my little love, do you think I would utter a wrong word to you? I love you. I am ready to make you my wife."

"But—oh, Mr. Walter, your mother," she gasped.

"I do love you. Yes, it would be the proudest happiness that could ever come to me to be your wife—but——"

He smiled down into the hazel wells of her wistful, troubled eyes.

"Be content, Lita," he said. "There are times when a man is justified in forgetting father, mother, all things but his own love."

* * * * * * *

It had grown too dark for Mrs. Redford to see any longer to sew.

She put down her work, and rang for the gas to be lighted.

The servant who answered the bell brought in two notes—one accompanied by an oblong package, which she opened first.

It was the missing volume, and the note, which was from her nephew, Hal Akerley, ran as follows—

"DEAR AUNTIE,—Pardon my unceremonious abstraction of the immortal 'Pickwick,' but I got so interested in it the other evening that I couldn't part with it. So I put it in my pocket, and finished it at my leisure. Hope you haven't missed it—or, if you have, that you will pardon this as well as other shortcomings of your affectionate scapegrace of a nephew,

"HAL AKERLEY."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Redford to herself, "then Lita wasn't to blame after all I declare, I'm almost sorry I was so cross with her."

And then she opened the second note, which, up to the present moment she had scarcely glanced at.

To her surprise, she saw that it was from her son Walter.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I was married to Lita Vaux this morning. We are going to Paris, and I shall hope to present you with your new daughter sometime towards the close of next week. Ever your devoted son.

"W. REDFORD."

And that was the upshot of Mrs. Redford's plots and plans.

TURKISH JEWELLERS.—The jewellers of Turkey, who are mostly Armenians, are said to have a singular method of ornamenting watch cases, &c., with diamonds and other precious stones, by simply glueing or cementing them on. The stone is set in gold and silver, and the lower part of the metal made flat, or to correspond with that part to which it is to be fixed; it is then warmed gently, and the glue applied, which is so very strong that the parts thus cemented never separate. This cement, which will firmly unite bits of glass, and even polished steel, and may of course be applied to a great variety of useful purposes, is thus make: Dissolve five or six bits of gum mastic, each the size of a large pea, in as much alcohol as will suffice to render it liquid; in another vessel dissolve as much isinglass—previously a little softened in water, though none of the water must be mixed—in good brandy or rum as will make a two-ounce phial of very strong glue, adding two small bits of gum galbanum or ammoniacum which must be rubbed or ground until they are dissolved; then mix the whole with sufficient heat. Keep the glue in a phial closely stopped, and when it is to be used set the phial in boiling water. To avoid the cracking of the phial by exposure to such sudden heat, use a thin green glass phial, and hold it to the steam a few seconds, before immersing it in the hot water.

A DAY OF DEATH.—As an anniversary of the deaths of eminent persons, few days in the year can bear comparison with April 21. On the 21st of April died Alexander the Great, Diogenes, Anselm (Archbishop of Canterbury), Abelard and Racine. Among other notable deaths that have taken place in April are those of Pope Constantine, Pope Benedict III., and Pope Nicholas IV; King Louis II. John 'the good' and Charles VIII of France; Albert Durer, Tasso, Mme. de Maintenon, Mme. de Pompadour, Metastasio, Mirabeau and Niebuhr. The April deaths in England include those of Richard Cœur de Lion, Edward IV, Henry VII, Stow, the histor'an; Shakspeare, Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, Daniel Defoe, Handel, Oliver Goldsmith, Cowper, the poet, Bishop Heber, and Lord Beaconsfield.

TRY Ayer's Cathartic Pills! They are mild and pleasant in action, but thorough and searching in effect.

SEA AND WAVELET.

As we wandered one day by the seashore,
While the wavelets broke at our feet,
She picked up a seashell and asked me,
In a voice inexpressibly sweet,
To listen awhile to its murmurs,
And the meaning to try and repeat.

I took from her hand the seashell,
And put it up to my ear,
And answered, "Amid its low murmurs
There is one sad, sweet song that I hear;
It sings it can never be happy
Unless its loved ocean is near.

"If taken away from the ocean,
'Twill murmur the livelong day;
And lonely, 'twill sigh for the wavelets
It kissed and caressed in their play,
Oh, love, my heart is a seashell
That murmurs when you are away."

But she answered, her blue eyes dancing,
"You have read the meaning amiss,
If you call me the sea; I a wavelet,
Can't you guess the meaning of this?
Why, 'tis isn't the sea, but the wavelet,
That the shell is accustomed to kiss."

—S. T. GLEN.

Humorous.

What title with the prefix "I," is a declaration of lunacy? I mad-am.

The vegetable which young love is always greedy for, is to-mate-o.

Why should the male sex avoid the letter AY? Because it makes men mean.

De steel hoe dat laughs at de iron one, is like de man dat is 'shamed o' his granddaddy.

You can cure Heart Disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator never fails. $1.; 6 for $5., by druggists.

If you court a young woman, and you are won, and she is won, what will you become? One, of course.

What is the difference between an industrious person and a lazy one? The first makes time, the second takes it.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Warenold's specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WARENOLD, 136 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

WARNER BROTHERS

These Corsets are recognized in Europe and America as the standard of style, workmanship and general excellence. The Coraline with which they are boned is superior to whalebone in both durability and comfort. Price, from $1 up.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING MERCHANTS.

And all imitations. Be sure that our name is on the box.

WARNER BROS.,
363 BROADWAY. NEW YORK.

Humphreys' Homeopathic
Specific No. 28
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. & you'll get by mail A GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY, in One Month, than anything else in America. A bonafide certainty. Need no capital. H. Young, 172 Greenwich St., N. York.

HERCULES KEY WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT
SOLD by watchmakers, by mail 25c. Circulars free. J. S. Bacon & Co., 18 Day St., N. Y.

$5.00 A DAY guaranteed, soliciting small pictures to be enlarged. Outfit free. CRAWFORD & CO., 923 Grant St., Philadelphia, Pa.

40 CARDS, all colored name, Silk Fringed, Gilt Edge Hidden Motto and Embossed, with name 10c., 3 pks. and present 25c. West & Co., New Haven, Ct

50 Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name and six latest songs, 10c. J. S. PARDEE, 41 7th Ave., N. Y.

100 New popular songs, 10c., 20 new Chromo Cards no 2 alike, name on 10c. C W Brooks, Putney, Vt

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Rip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a prickling, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five, or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA
IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
FEVER AND ACUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."
Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.
Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

LADIES Can secure Profitable Employment at Home selling DR. SCOTT'S Electric Corsets. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Call or address
Dr. GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 BROADWAY, New York City.

OLD COINS 15 Foreign Coins, all different, 25c. $123 in Confederate Money, 25c. Premium Coin Book, 10c. G. L. FANCHER, West Winsted, Ct.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Try The best cards for the money 50 for 10c. Premium with 2 packs. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct

New Publications.

Taking the ground that the present age wants to know all it can, about the famous women of this country, who have done and are doing much to shape its destines, Worthington & Co., of Hartford Conn. have issued an octavo work entitled "Our Famous Women" giving along with a summary of their achievements, a series of most valuable biographical sketches of these women; portraits of their subjects, engraved by leading engravers in the highest style of the art. The volume contains sketches of Catherine E. Beecher, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; Harriet Beecher Stowe; Harriet Prescott Spofford; Rose Terry Cooke; Clara Louise Kellogg; Louise Chandler Moulton; Mary L. Booth; Lucy Larcom; Margaret Fuller; Frances E. Willard; Marion Harland; Louisa M. Alcott; Lucretia Mott; Anne Whitney; Elizabeth Prentiss; Lydia Maria Child; The Doctors Blackwell; Mary Mapes Dodge; Abby Hopper Gibbons; Maria Mitchell; Susan B. Anthony; Elizabeth Cady Stanton; Mary Clemmer; Charlotte Cushman; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; Frances Hodgson Burnett; and Julia Ward Howe. The biographies are written by all prominent persons, while in some cases the subject of one sketch does the work for her sister writers. They are doubtless the most complete while being the first combined series of biographies of the leading women of America that have ever issued from the press. There is hardly a home in the land where many or all of these names are not known, and this volume which gives in an authoritative, sympathetic, entertaining, and thorough form, such notices of their lives and works, as will tend to satisfy a natural interest, cannot be too highly commended. The publishers, that the character of the book might be also duly shown in mere material features, have made it in paper, type, binding, engraving etc., as perfect as art could render it. The engravings are all from recently taken photographs, and have been worked by such artists as Cole, Volten, Nicholls, Kruell, and others. Altogether the work is one that we can thoroughly recommend on all grounds, more particularly as in teaching many women what they may do, by showing what others are done, it occupies a place in our literature heretofore unfilled. Sold only by subscription. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn. Publishers.

The fact that a second edition of the "U. S. Art Directory and Year Book," compiled by S. R. Koekler has been issued, and presented to the public is evidence sufficient that its usefulness has been acknowledged. To those familiar with the first edition no explanation need be offered of the aim and scope of the book. Its purpose is fully explained by its title:—it aspires to be a practical guide for all interested in the progress of art—art patrons, students of art and of its history, artists, and travelers of an artistic turn of mind—by pointing out to them the facilities existing in the United States for the enjoyment, the study, and the commerce of art. Various improvements have been made in the second edition by the omission of some old features and the insertion of new. Among the latter we may particularly mention a number of engravings of noted pictures and illustrations of the buildings of different art institutions in this country. Cassell & Co. Publishers, New York. Price $2,00.

MAGAZINES.

The American edition of *Cassell's Family Magazine* for June 1886 has the following list of contents: Within the Clasp, serial; Talk with My Patients; An Unfashionable Day at the Seaside; Ludwig's Jealousy; The Nightingale's Haunt's; The Garden; A Whale Hunt; Amateur Instantaneous Photography; Spring; Sights and Scenes of the New World; Witness My Hand; Remunerative Employment for gentlemen; All Like a Dream; What to Wear; etc., etc. Cassell & Co. 739 Broadway, New York. Price 15 cents.

The *Magazine of Art* for June, is as usual a regular treasure house of riches for those of artistic tastes. It contains among its articles, most of which are grandly illustrated with numerous engravings from full page pictures drown: A Story; Fontainebleau, Village Communities of Painters; The Confession; Illustrations of Musset; Some Venetian Visiting Cards; Sculpture at the Comedie Francaise; Elzevirs; "Le Stryge"; Syon House; The New Home; etc. etc. We cannot commend this grand publication too highly. Cassell & Co, 739 Broadway New York. 35 cents per number.

In *Demorest's Monthly* for June the articles of most interest are: An Excursion into Wales; The Wentworth Homestead; Lost Crowns; Among the Esther Folk of Yorkshire; and How We Live in New York; by Jennie June. The stories and poems will be found readable, and The World's Progress, instructive and suggestive. The various departments contain much that will prove useful in the household. Demorest & Co. New York.

NEW MUSIC.

From Russell & Co., Music Publishers, Boston, Mass. we have received the following numbers of their Musical Library: Even Song, 20 cents: Large are the Mansions 15; Moorland Ride 15; Evening Rest 15; Morning and Evening 10; Ever Joyous 10; and At the Spinning Wheel 15.

OIL PAINTINGS.—Glass is becoming fashionable as a protective to oil paintings, and as a safeguard against moths and damp the backs of valuable pictures are covered with rubber cloth.

Facetiæ.

Organizers—Italians.

What is the proper diet for a dancer? A few capers.

When de bate is wuf mo' dan de fish, it's time to stop fishin'.

An onion is like a bell; its strength can be better tested when peeled.

Two Connecticut lovers have just made up after a quarrel which took place 55 years ago. Some people cannot hold malice.

"There are 450,000,000 Christians now in the world," says some authority. Rather strange where they all keep themselves.

What is the difference between a carriage wheel and a carriage-horse? One goes best when it is tired, and the other doesn't.

Large sales testify the merit of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for Heart Disease. Price $1. at druggists.

In all ages and in all known countries the scales have been the emblem of justice. From this it is painfully evident that the fellows whose business it has been to get up emblems, have never traded much as groceries and provision stores.

ROBUST HEALTH

Is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor, is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of **Scrofulous** and **Mercurial** impurities and the pollution of **Contagious Diseases.** It also neutralizes the poisons left by **Diphtheria** and **Scarlet Fever,** and enables rapid recuperation from the enfeeblement and debility caused by these diseases.

Myriads of Cures

Achieved by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, in the past forty years, are attested, and there is no blood disease, at all possible of cure, that will not yield to it. Whatever the ailments of this class, and wherever found, from the scurvy of the Arctic circle to the "veldt-sores" of South Africa, this remedy has afforded health to the sufferers by whom it was employed. Druggists everywhere can cite numerous cases, within their personal knowledge, of remarkable cures wrought by it, where all other treatment had been unavailing. People will do well to

Trust Nothing Else

than AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists; price $1.
six bottles for $5.

50 PER CENT SAVED on Patent Medicines. Send for prices to W. T. Totten, 672 N. 10th, Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

MONARCH HORSE HOE

AND CULTIVATOR COMBINED

For Hoeing & Killing Potatoes, Corn, Onions, Beets, Cabbages, Turnips, &c.

SENT ON 30 Days' TEST TRIAL.

An immense saving of labor and money. We guarantee a boy can cultivate and hoe and hill potatoes, corn, etc., 15 times as easy and fast as one man can the old way. Illustrated Catalogue FREE. AGENTS WANTED. Mention this paper. Address

Monarch Mfg. Co., 206 State St., Chicago, Ill.

CARDS FREE! 2 full sets new and beautiful Fancy Cards; 10 Popular Songs, with music, including "Over the Garden Wall;" 100 Selections for Autograph Albums; 10 Pleasing Games; new price list and big Terms to agent's, all free for 10c. to pay postage, &c. PEARL CARD CO., Waltham, Mass.

Agents Wanted for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Phila., Pa.

CARDS. 50 assorted Chromos (new) with name, and 5 latest songs, 10c. Capitol Card Co., Hartford, Ct.

visit Philadelphia Wanamaker's Store.

GRAY HAIR NO MORE

Druscline, the Great Hair Restorer and Renewer, changes *gray hair* to its natural color, gradually and permanently. Not a dye. A marvellous invention. Gray-haired persons, old men and women, made to look young in three weeks. No more gray hair! Also grows hair rapidly and luxuriantly. Send for descriptive book, and testimonials and opinions of eminent chemists and doctors, etc., who recommend it highly. Address,

WEST & CO. 7 Murray Street, New-York.

$500 CASH FREE!

We offer the above amount of money *free* to the hundred and six people correctly answering the following Bible question. **Where is the first place in the Bible that it says a man was buried in a Coffin.**

The first person answering this question correctly, on or before July 5th will receive $200 cash. If we receive more that one correct answer the second will receive $100; the third $50; the fourth $25; the fifth $15; the sixth $10; and $1 each to the next one hundred people answering it correctly. If you are not the first, remember that you may be the second or third, so you stand a good chance for a large prize. Each competitor must, in every case, send 50 cents for subscription to the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE.** This paper is one of the oldest and ablest edited Agricultural and Family papers. It contains twenty-eight large pages including elegant cover, bound, stitched and cut. And now has a circulation of 150,000 copies. **Farm, Garden, Household and Agricultural Departments by the best Contributors of the day, on Experimental Farm of over 100 acres** owned by us and run in connection with the paper for the benefit of our readers, on which we test seeds, implements, etc., giving the report in each issue of the paper. We also have an extensive **Poultry Farm** which is run for the benefit of those interested in making money in the poultry business. We are now running a fascinating illustrated Story by the eminent author Charles Reade. Sketches, Poetry, etc. The paper, in short, contains that which will interest and instruct the whole family. Beautifully illustrated. The regular subscription price of the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE** is $1.00 per year. For the 50 cents we send you the paper from now to January, so you pay nothing additional for the privilege of competing for one of the above prizes. The money will be sent to the successful ones. Send 50 cents in postage stamps, postal note, P. O. order or registered letter. **Don't wait, send your answer quick, and get the $200.** Address

FARM, FIELD and FIRESIDE, 89 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC FOR ALL.

ONE HUNDRED

Of the Most Popular Songs, -Music and Words,-

FOR

Ten Cts.

SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

The Last Rose of Summer.
A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems She Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Tell de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

DIME MUSIC CO.,

Address 726 Sansom Street,

Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. LUTZE'S

"SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN"

Instantly relieves and speedily cures all delicate and troublesome affections peculiar to ladies. Highly endorsed by physicians who make a specialty of such diseases in "Hospitals for Women," and in large cities. This wonderful gynecian remedy is put up in granules, in a concentrated form. Each bottle represents the medical virtue of a pint of the decoction—and can be kept without loss of virtue a reasonable time. $2.00 by mail. Address Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St. Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. LUTZE, Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, author of various monograms on the Diseases of Women, etc., etc., treats female diseases exclusively, at office or by letter. Advice free. In writing for advice, address DR. LUTZE, care Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

50 Elegant Imported Floral Verse, Motto & Lithograph Cards, Bran New, with name in new type, 10c. 12 packs, $1. Gold (solid) Ring, or Imported Pearl Handled Knife, $1.00. Get up a club. Agent's full Outfit, 10c. stamps U. S., only 15 cts. PEARL CARD CO., Waltham, Mass.

60 Lovely Cards New style fringe or gold edge, with name, 10c. Agent's Outfit and Sample Book, 10c. Choice Chromos, your name in pretty type, post-paid 10c. 25 fine gold-edge cards 10c. Hidden name cards 12 for 20c. 200 other styles. Big commission. Send 6c. for terms and samples to canvass with. Holley Card Works, Meriden, Conn.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Fancy Work Patterns Free.

25 New Fancy Work Patterns, Alphabets, Cross-stitch, Patchwork, Tidies, etc. An endless variety free with one new Album of 50 Choice Transfer Pictures, all for one silver dime. Pratt & Co., Southville, Mass.

LADIES

PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. Sealed particulars 2 cts.

Wilcox Specific Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Prize Send 6 cts for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO, Augusta, Me.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. Package 25cts. Makes 5 gallons of delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25cts. C. E. Hires, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

It Pays to sell our rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. J. M. Mitten & Co, Cleveland, O.

SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the Sufferer. Dr. Kruse, 223 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IT is certainly rather difficult to make a selection among all the materials and styles of dress, called new, but which, in reality, are only old friends brought out under a new name.

Real novelties are too rare to spring up every season, as we think they do, and if I may make a comparison, I would compare fashion to a wheel, ever turning on its own axis, and reproducing alternately a certain number of styles which are considered more or less suitable to modern requirements.

At the present moment, four distinct styles divide the attention of the fashionable world, that is walking dresses, visiting dresses, dinner dresses, and ball dresses, and ladies provide themselves with these according to their position.

There are many ladies, for instance, who never go out to dinner parties or balls, and rarely, if ever, do they pay visits.

These ladies need only walking dress out of their own home, and as all walking dresses are made most simply of some pretty woolen material, and the more simple they are the more distingue they are considered—every one may dress with elegance at very little cost.

Visiting dresses may be of silk, or of silk and wool, but walking dresses must be entirely of a woolen material; and made with the greatest simplicity.

At home, wear what you like, but out of doors, the more mouse-like you look the better.

I need not tell you that for this simplicity to be really elegant, the dress must have a faultless cut and fit, whatever the material itself may be.

Material, indeed, is nothing compared to cut.

Among the new, or so-called new materials, for walking costumes, is Mohair (now called Pasha, in honor of the Egyptian question).

We see it in plain colors, and we see it in stripes, checks, and shots.

Shot woolen materials are not pretty. Shot requires silk to look elegant.

In wool it looks common, which plain materials never do.

It may however, be used as trimming to plain materials, instead of stripes, checks, or brocades; or, over a plain colored skirt, a polonaise of shot-mohair may be worn; or, over a shot skirt, a polonaise of plain mohair or cashmere.

The newest color for walking dresses is tan, both in its lightest and darkest shades.

The black mantles are very pretty this season, trimmed with the profusion of black lace, jet, and bead passementerie.

Brocaded and plain velvet, and also broad stripes of velvet and grenadine, are to be most fashionable.

One novelty in the latter style is epaulets and brandebourgs of oxidised silver braid, laid on black lace.

It is caught up high at the back with clusters of black velvet loops, and silver braid ornaments.

Another and smaller mantle, and in black or colored velvet, resembles a cape at the back, with full front and long ends of black Chantilly lace.

The sleeves of all are still much puffed at the top.

Very large jet butterflies are placed on mantles.

For instance, a mantelet of velvet, brocade gauze, in black or color, would have the whole centre of the back of black lace, drawn from the neck to the waist, where a very large jet butterfly would gather it in, and then let it fall in graceful folds low on the skirt.

Tigers' claws are also used for the same purpose, and also in front as clasps.

A dust cloak in pale Tussore silk, trimmed with brown velvet, would have the loops agrafled with two claws set in brown wood.

The black grenadine mantles, with black or colored chenille broche, will be very pretty, when the weather admits of their being worn.

The mantles are short and full at the back, with plenty of lace and beads about them.

A great many have longs ends in front. Some of the beaded balls that trim them are as large as small oranges, but being of cork are quite light.

The short basque close-fitting jackets will be, and are, much more general than mantelets.

Several are boned, to render them more close-fitting to the curves of the figure, and some are padded under the basque, to make them fit without a crease.

The brocaded velvet, with full chenille fringe, the plain velvet, with frills of black lace, and the stockingnette, with frayed silk ruche, vie with each other in popularity; while the most dressy are those entirely of jetted lace, fitting like a cuirass, with fall of plain lace, sprinkled over with tassels of jetted beads.

Some have fronts of full black lace, clasped at the throat with a cluster of jet balls, or loops of ribbon velvet, gathered at the waist, and then falling in a loop below.

Others have two large rosettes of cut velvet, one fixed on the left shoulder and the other just below the throat, connected with straps of the ribbon.

Most of the new bonnets are very small.

They are nearly all kept in place by fancy pins passed through the turned-up hair.

These pins are endless in variety, and seem to prop the bonnet up high on the head.

Many ladies, evidently considering this style of coiffure too flat to be becoming, put a frisette inside, and then turn up the hair, so that in some cases the effect resembles that of the once popular chignon.

Irish crochet is now adapted to bonnets, and is dyed black, red, or pale fawn color. It is mounted over a colored crown, and also mixed with the full ruche of cut silk round the edge of the bonnet.

Twine, in brown, dust, grey, and other shades, is another novelty.

The crown of the bonnet is worked round and round, commencing in the centre, and is encircled with a thick rope of twisted twine.

The front of the bonnet is composed of frayed silk of two or more shades, and a flower, harmonizing perfectly, is placed deftly in the coils on one side.

Other twine bonnets have the crown of fine netting, with small sprays of kid flowers appliqued on; the edge is ornamented with two or more rows of cut beads, corresponding in color.

Bonnets of gold twist have a large gilt butterfly on the crown, smaller ones fastening on the strings at the sides, and the whole veiled in gold spotted or shot tulle.

This short tulle is very new, and may be compared to a spider's web thick with dew, glistening with iridescent splendor, in the sunlight.

At present, only a few leading milliners are using this tulle.

The colored tulle is very fashionable for veils, but not so becoming as the spotted black.

It is often worn over the chin, drawn tightly back in folds to the hat or bonnet, instead of across the tip of the nose, or the mouth.

Buttons of incrusted stones are sewn on to straw bonnets, as flat as possible.

Old garnet buttons, which many people possess, can be attached to a ruby straw bonnet, trimmed with the same colored velvet, and the edge ornamented with beads matching as nearly as possible.

The buttons are scattered sparsely over the crown, and one is mounted as a brooch to fasten the strings, while another forms the head of a long pin, piercing the wearer's hair.

Steel, jet, or other fancy coronets, intended originally for wearing on the hair, are now to be seen mounted on the fronts of bonnets.

Sometimes they are put below, and sometimes above the raised brims of bonnets, according to the taste of the wearer.

A few new-shaped hats are beginning to appear.

Some have the brim straight and projecting in front, with a half-wreath of flowers resting on the plain layer of colored velvet.

The back is turned sharply up against the crown, apparently pinned back with a fancy-headed pin and a small tuft of the flowers to one side.

Ostrich feathers droop over the back of the rather wide, turned-up brims of the Cavalier hats; and groups of various colored wings in the front of the Henri II. ones.

Fireside Chat.

EASY WORK FOR HANDY GIRLS.

BABY DOLLS, dressed so that the robe will form a bag, are pretty, and useful to hold needlework or handkerchiefs.

Take a doll 6in. long, sew a dress bodice and sleeves on to it of white muslin, trimming it with a little lace and narrow ribbon.

Put knickerbockers and one petticoat on, sewing them round the waist.

Cut a piece of colored cambric, 24in. long and 8in. wide, cover it with white muslin, double it together, stitch up each side, making a bag 12in. long; put a narrow hem round the top, and run in two strings of strong bobbin, bringing them out on each side of the seams.

Turn it muslin outside, and trim with some lace and ribbon to match the body, and to imitate a baby's long robe.

Now pull the strings tight enough, so that the opening of the bag will just fit round the doll's waist, the feet and legs inside it.

Fasten with a strong needle and thread the front half of the bag to the doll, stitching close to the hem but not through it, so as to avoid interfering with the drawing of the strings.

A cap, made of lace, either fastened on with needle and thread or gum, is a great improvement.

Any sized doll, of course, can be used, making the robe in proportion to the size.

Another kind of bag like a ball can be made by cutting eight pieces of crinoline wire 23in. long, joining them together in circles, and binding them together top and bottom in the shape of a ball, leaving even distances between every wire.

This will form a wire ball, as large as an ordinary sized "football."

Cut sixteen pieces of brown holland the size and shape of the spaces between the wires, but a little larger.

Stitch all the sections together, leaving one seam undone for the opening; turn the right side out, and bind the two edges with ribbon or tape, and put on three buttons and loops; now put the holland case over the wire ball, making the opening come between the two of the wires.

To keep the case in its place it must be fastened here and there to the wire; finish by sewing on a loop of ribbon to form the handle.

This bag is greatly improved in appearance if a small wreath of flowers is worked down the centre of each section of holland, or it can be painted like a terrestrial globe.

A work-case can be made in the shape of a dressing slipper, by cutting out two thin pieces of cardboard for the soles, and covering the other with white silk or cashmere, and sewing them together with white silk; this forms a pincushion.

The front part of the slipper is also of cardboard, covered with velvet or satin, and embroidered with colored silks or beads,

Sew this on the sole, and stitch round the upper part a piece of silk large enough to draw up into a bag, which will hold the work.

Now fasten some bands of white elastic across the heel part of the sole, to hold the thimble, packets of needles, scissors, &c.

Penwipers can be made with whelk shells, which have been first well cleaned in sulphuric acid and water.

Make a bunch of several skeins of sewing silk, by twisting them several times round the fingers, fasten them tightly together with a bit of thread, then cover the inside of the shell with glue, and stuff the tied end of the bunch of silk into it; the silk ought to project about 2in.

When the glue is quite dry cut the ends of the silk even.

These shells look beautiful covered with gold leaf, or painted first with vermilion oil color and then with Bessemer's gold.

Pairs of cockles, mussels, and what are commonly called "Sailors' Tobacco Boxes," can be made into needle-books, penwipers, or pincushions.

Two holes must be drilled in each shell with a large needle or the point of a penknife, to put a ribbon through for a hinge. Penwipers will require either some leaves or cloth, or a bunch of silk to be fastened between the shells.

Pincushions must have a cushion to fit the pair of shells made in the following manner:

Cut two pieces of strong calico the same shape as the shells, but a little larger; sew the two pieces together, leaving a small opening; turn the bag, and stuff it with ends of silk, cotton, or wool; finish sewing it up, and cover with a piece of silk or velvet.

Tie the pair of shells together, glue the insides, and put the little cushion between them; press them together, and bind with a piece of string till dry.

Needle books will require leaves of flannel or cashmere, overcast with silk or picked all round, to be inserted between the shells.

Many useful articles can be ornamented with real ferns, mosses, and flowers.

Cut out in white cardboard a set of toilet mats, draw a scallop round them, taking half the circumference of a cotton reel as a guide.

Cut the scallops out with a sharp pair of scissors, and punch a hole in the centre of each with a shoemaker's punch, a quarter of an inch across.

The ferns, mosses, small flowers, &c., must now be prepared by pressing them with a hot iron, first covering them with one or two sheets of blotting paper.

Now with a small brush cover all the underside of each leaf or flower with hot gelatine and water (half an ounce of gelatine to half a pint of water will be about the proportion), and lay in on the mat very carefully in the position you wish it to be, pressing firmly with a soft cloth on and off for a few minutes, till it is firmly fixed.

Brush over both sides and the edges with hot gelatine.

It is better to give it two coats before varnishing.

These mats will wash with a little soap and water if they have been thoroughly gelatined and varnished.

The "stamped out" designs can be used in making these kind of mats instead of ferns, &c.

Correspondence.

STRIVER.—The young man was guilty of great meanness in following you to see if you would speak to or walk with some gentleman; and we think he deserves to be dismissed.

ANNETTE.—The young man was only trying his best to please you. He is probably not accustomed to the society of young women. Give him a little lecture and another chance.

WILLIAMSPORT.—A monk named Rivalto mentions, in a sermon preached in Florence in 1306, that spectacles had been known about twenty years. That would place their invention about the year 1285.

READER. — The name Mary signifies "bitterness;" Lizzie is a pet name for Elizabeth, which signifies "a worshipper of God;" Anne, "grace, goodwill;" Ellie, "noble;" and David, "beloved."

ALICE.—If your friends can find no other fault with your lover than his not being good-looking, we do not think it necessary that you should give him up. A plain-looking man may make a thorough good husband.

MOTHER.—It is a great mistake to imagine that the pursuit of learning is injurious to health. Studious men live as long as persons of any other professions. We do not approve, however, of too much taskwork for children.

EIGHTEEN.—It is not proper for an engaged lover to keep up a correspondence with a lady in opposition to the wishes of his betrothed. A girl is not too young to get married when she is eighteen years old, if circumstances are favorable.

F. T. B.—The quotation, "Music hath charms," is from Congreve's "Mourning Bride," and the lines are:

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast—
To soften rocks, and bend a knotted oak."

F. A. P.—Dogwood is common in America, and though there are eight species of it, only one is entitled, from its size, to be classified with forest trees. The wood is hard and can be brilliantly polished. It is used for the handles of light tools, etc.

FAN.—A doctor has his card printed thus: "Dr. Philip Walton;" he does not use "M. D." This is only placed after his name in addressing him on an envelope. We have much pleasure in answering our correspondents, as time and space permit.

BROWNIE.—In common politeness you should have raised your hat to your friend's friend. However inferior her station in life, she was, for the time exalted by your friend's regard to an equality with herself, and was deserving of proper courtesy.

LOUISA.—It depends on circumstances; if the introduction is one of mere form, you need only bow; if it is an introduction to a person whom you are desirous of knowing and keeping up an intimacy with, you can make some polite remark to that effect.

HERBERT.—Why did you not give the young lady an opportunity of explaining? The person you saw speaking to her might be her cousin, or her brother, or someone else's sweetheart, for all you know, or took the precaution to ascertain. Write to her, or go and see her.

LEORIE.—It would not be improper to broach the subject, but as yet we think you are too young to become a missionary in such a cause. Leave a task like the one proposed, for your elders. "Accept" is the way of spelling the word which you write "except." Remember that in pointing out such mistakes we do not wish to rebuke you for not knowing better, but by warning you, to prevent others doing so, who would be actuated by far worse motives than those of kindness.

AMBITIOUS.—Anybody can rant and tear about a stage, and make grimaces, but it does not follow that they are actresses. To succeed on the stage, a thorough good judgment of an author's meaning, a knowledge of elocution, a complete command of the different passions to be expressed on the features, and a retentive memory are absolutely necessary. These talents are not spread broadcast, and hence we have a scarcity of what we may term accomplished artists on the stage.

UTOPIA.—The signature you take is a term invented by Sir Thomas More (1480-1535), and applied by him to an imaginary island which he represents to have been discovered by a companion of Amerigo Vespucci, and as enjoying the utmost perfection in laws, politics, etc., in contradistinction to the defects of those which then existed elsewhere. The name is made up of two Greek words, and signifies literally "nowhere," and has now passed into all the languages of Europe to signify a state of ideal perfection.

PETITE.—1. The pieces of silver, such as named in the Book of Genesis, were the current coin of the country valued by its weight. It is believed by some that the Hebrew word rendered "pieces of money" in Genesis xxxiii. 19, and in Job xlii. 11, denotes a piece having on it the stamp or impression of a lamb or sheep, intimating thereby its current value. The practice of weighing money is general in Syria, Turkey, and Egypt. The merchant draws out his scales and weighs it, as in the days of Abraham. 2. Perhaps dipping your hands in a weak solution of alum and water might do good.

SELF-WILL.—We think that if you were to practice a little self-denial for a time, you would be more likely to secure a young man who would make a promise with the intention of keeping it. What can you expect if you allow a perfect stranger to see you home, making no objection to his taking you a roundabout way, to his putting his arm round your waist, and taking the additional liberty of kissing you? What can any young man think of you—other than that you are only worthy to be played with? Change your course, and you will derive a benefit from our advice.

J. L. B.—The great secret of happiness in married life is to be found in a myriad little tacts and complaisances and surrenders upon both sides. Matrimony is an enormous compromise. Perfect courtesy, an incessant guard upon the temper that no irritability shall become a habit, and the constant conviction that where two have equal authority a harmonious decision can be always reached only by the utmost reasonableness—these are little amulets that will banish the evil spirits and keep the home serene, and the touchstone to enable people to live thus is a sincere, deep, and loud love for each other.